The Nation.

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The Week.

A few years since, in the Speakership of Reed, the country was startled by the announcement that appropriations to the amount of one billion dollars had been made by one Congress, and somebody dubbed it the Billion-Dollar Congress. This phrase seemed likely to create some prejudice against the Republican party, until Mr. Reed offset it by saying that this was a billion-dollar country. The Republicans rallied at that thought, and actually did recover from the temporary depression that had overtaken them. Now, Senator Allison tells us that the appropriations of the Congress which has just expired have been more than a billion and a half ($1,554,108,518), but he adds, apologetically, that fifty millions is for the purchase of the Panama Canal. If we subtract this item, however, the remainder still exceeds a billion and a half, and it is needless to tell us that there has been an increase of $50,000,000 in the cost of the postal service, which includes an extension of the rural free delivery. The postal service is not properly included in the spending departments of the Government. Only the difference between receipts and expenditures should be placed in the budget. This deficiency, Mr. Allison admits, is smaller than it has been in many years. To sum up the situation, this is now a billion-and-a-half-dollar country, and it will be a two-billion-dollar country as soon as the revenues will allow it to become such.

Resentment was the prevailing mood of the Senate on Thursday—first against Congressman Cannon, who had characterized as "legislative blackmail" Senator Tillman's hold-up of the General Deficiency bill in behalf of a South Carolina claim; next, against the American people at large, who, in the opinion of the speakers, are adopting a tone of impertinent criticism towards the ways of the upper house. Whether Mr. Cannon's rebuke of the Tillman hold-up was technically correct or not, it was just—and this irrespective of the nature of the claims upon which the reporting of the Deficiency bill was made to hang. To obstruct in the last moments of a session a necessary bill in order to push a private claim, is a kind of brigandage that is very mildly qualified by Mr. Cannon's phrase "legislative blackmail." Because this practice is also called "the courtesy of the Senate" is no reason why the House should adopt such euphemisms. Congressman Cannon has spoken uncomfortable truth, and that is why Senators Tillman, Hale, and Allison devoted the early hours of a special session to berating him.

More significant than this personal passage was the evident fact that these influential Senators fully realize the extreme unpopularity of the Senate, and resent it while they marvel at it. Mr. Tillman told complacently of his hold-up; he had "shut his jaws down on the proposition," which under the rules of the Senate he rejoiced that he had a right to do. Senator Hale deplored Mr. Cannon's words, and especially the implication that such opinions had the country behind them. Mr. Allison was in a higher mood of indignation, and, remarking that the Senate rules had served for a hundred years, said the Senate would not change them for any "outside body." But how if that body were the people of the United States? That is the situation which the Senate must soon face. One of their own number, Mr. Foraker, has told them so roundly. The air of uneasiness which pervaded the speeches shows that the Senate has begun to see how other people regard it.

Was ever the most august assembly on earth, as the Senate loves to call itself, in so little august an attitude as it confesses itself to be in the matter of the Panama Treaty? The melancholy Republican leaders say that it is rapidly narrowing down to a question of killing the treaty or killing Morgan. He has not a single new argument to present, not one consideration or proposed amendment that has not been threshed to dust. Not even his friends maintain that anything he can say will affect the judgment of a solitary human being—yet he is to be allowed to say it, world without end. Five hours a day are now assigned him, and at that rate he may be getting well into his subject by April 1. Yet the dismayed Senate protests, in the fulness of its courtesy, that it cannot put greater pressure upon Morgan. A "continuous session" might be fatal to him, it is explained, at his age and in his state of monomania. But we should advise the Senate to take the more cheerful view of an "exalted personage" whose saying has been going about Washington. "You say that it would kill Senator Morgan if the Panama Treaty were ratified. But do we really need that added argument for ratification?"

Senator Lodge was prompt to resent Senator Hoar's demonstration, the expiring Congress being the *corpus vile*, that our form of government unfits us to legislate for 8,000,000 unrepresented people, 8,000 miles away. We are just as able to deal with that "problem," said the junior Senator from Massachusetts, as with "the greater and mightier problems before." But Mr. Lodge forgot that what the occasion called for was not a stump-speech boast before the fact, but an explanation of admitted failure after it. Are Imperialists to be like the poet's "Man"—"never is but always to be blessed"? The last campaign was the time for valiant predictions of the wise and benevolent things Congress was going to do. Senator Lodge made them then in the roundest terms. The work of fulfilment was placed in his own hands. It was no Little American, but Lodge himself, who was given the job of showing, as Senator, what, as historian, he had denied could be done—that is, a people across the sea governed satisfactorily by a Parliament in which they had no representation. But the great man, the enthusiastic tackler of "problems," failed miserably when the real trial came. He should be the last man to take a braggart tone now. Let him not rail at Senator Hoar, but at the hard facts. What the natural inference from them is has been stated by Mr. Brewster Cameron—special representative, we believe, of the Manila Chamber of Commerce. He declares:

> "The fact that the Congress of the United States, controlled by men in sympathy with his political views, is not willing to act upon the recommendations of a man like William H. Taft—particularly when those recommendations are cordially approved by a War Secretary and a President who have the full confidence of the American people—will cause many thoughtful men who have heretofore believed in holding fast to the Philippines to pause and consider whether, after all, we are capable of giving a wise and just government to a people ten thousand miles away."

In the Senate of the United States on January 28, Senator Proctor of Vermont presented an elaborate defence of Capt. Cornelius M. Brownell, who was charged with the murder by torture of Father Augustine, a Catholic clergyman in the Philippines. This defence was written and signed by Capt. Brownell himself. Senator Proctor added to it some remarks of his own, declaring that Brownell was "fully justified in taking any steps he saw proper for the safety of his command," etc. Now comes a review of Brownell's conduct by Judge-Advocate-General Davis, who, after an investigation, says that Brownell was not justified by any military necessity, and that his only duty in the premises was to hold Father Augustine as a prisoner of war. It appears from this high military authority that Brownell had no duties to perform at the time when his villany was executed, except to maintain order in the town where he was stationed, and that he tortured Father

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Augustine to extract information to satisfy his own curiosity. Then he sums up the military view of the case by saying that "the taking of human life under the circumstances above disclosed constitutes one form of felonious homicide which is triable by military commission, by a general court-martial, and, in certain cases, by a civil court having criminal jurisdiction." Thus it appears, when the bottom facts are reached, that the charges of cruelty resulting in death, preferred against Capt. Brownell, for which the anti-Imperialist committees and newspapers have been so often censured and called slanderers of the army, have been confirmed, and more than confirmed, by the highest authority in the army. Torture of prisoners is never justified, but if it were ever justifiable, it was not so in the case of Father Augustine. Now who is the slanderer of the army? we beg to inquire. Is his name Herbert Welsh, or Carl Schurz, or Charles Francis Adams, or is it George B. Davis, Judge-Advocate-General, U. S. A.?

President Roosevelt's letter explaining his policy of negro appointments has received the almost unanimous endorsement of the Republican press. A part of the approval expressed is merely perfunctory; but here and there is a flash of the old enthusiasm for human rights. Mr. Roosevelt's doctrine of "all men up," as against "some men down," could not but stir the hearts of those who believe in equality of opportunity for talent of all kinds. Even the Southern newspapers have had to admit that the President is "theoretically right." But some of them quibble beautifully. The Mobile *Register*, for example, asks: "When is a man 'fit' for office? Mr. Roosevelt believes that if the man has character and ability he is fit"; but the *Register* goes on to argue that "fitness has a meaning of its own," and is not "merely a synonym of the other two words." That meaning is, in the last analysis, that you can pronounce a man unfit if you do not like him. "You are not fit, Dr. Fell; the reason why I cannot tell."

Two events, pregnant of ill to the State of Delaware and to the country as a whole, took place on Thursday. Mr. J. Edward Addicks was appointed by the Governor of the State to be a trustee of Delaware College, and William M. Byrne was nominated again by President Roosevelt as District Attorney. All the reasons why Byrne should not have been appointed four months ago remain of full force, with the additional one that the Senate Judiciary Committee reported adversely to him. The choice of a notorious briber as trustee of a college is a crime against the youth of the State and the country. In taking this step, the Governor has advertised himself as a corruptor of the morals of the rising generation. Far better would it be to send Addicks to the Senate, where only grown men would be exposed to his example and his teachings, than to place him in a position where he may be looked up to as a guide and monitor by boys at the impressionable age of college life.

At last Pennsylvania is going to have ballot reform, and we are bound to admit that Quay should have the credit of it. It goes by the name of the Quay Ballot Reform bill, as it ought, for when he decided that only high-souled statesmen should hold public office, he made enough of an exception to keep control of the Legislature. It is only fair to record that Quay's new friends feel that the bill which is about to become law is not quite all that they would have it. Its principal feature is that it changes the voting space from a circle to a square. Quay is "squaring the circle," irreverent persons are saying in Pennsylvania. But every one must realize that reforms come but slowly, especially in the Keystone State. And, of course, there are other changes. The names on the ticket are rearranged, and the sheet made smaller. To be sure, independent voting is rendered more difficult than before, but doubtless Quay did not think of that. "While disappointing to a great many," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "it can be accepted as a step in the right direction. There are various influences to be taken into account." Of course there are! That is one of the advantages of consorting with a man like Quay. You no longer go out into the dark and stumble over "various influences." You have them right at hand.

A strike of trainmen and firemen on the Wabash Railway, which had been in contemplation for some weeks, was on the point of being declared on Tuesday week, when an injunction was issued by Judge Adams of the United States District Court at St. Louis against the leaders of the Trainmen's Union. It commands them, until the further order of the court, absolutely to desist and refrain from ordering, coercing, persuading, inducing, or otherwise causing the employees of the Wabash Railway Company to strike or quit the service of the company. The injunction was obeyed, and the traffic of the company continues without interruption. There was a time in the history of the labor troubles and labor organization in this country when it was possible for the employees of a railway to desist from work without any warning whatever, and leave passengers stranded midway between stations, or to abandon a cattle train in a snowstorm, leaving the animals to perish from hunger and cold. The courts put a stop to that kind of strike, and organized labor itself acknowledged the justice of the proceeding, or at all events made no protest against it. No authority was assumed to curtail the liberties of workingmen to demand and enforce their rights in an orderly way, not inconsistent with the rights of other members of the community, but merely to postpone hasty action which might work irreparable injury to persons having no share or interest in the dispute. Judge Adams, we infer, has but applied this rule to the threatened strike on the Wabash Railway. At all events, his injunction is only temporary.

The anarchy which now always dogs the heels of a great strike has roused the citizens of Waterbury, Conn., to unusual efforts. They perceive that they have to protect the good name of their town, union-ridden as it has been of late years, as well as their own lives and property. Responsibility for the cold-blooded murder of a policeman who was guarding a car in charge of a non-union conductor and "scab" motorman is, of course, repudiated by the labor leaders. They profess great indignation that unionism should be thought capable of such a crime. As in the case of the outrages and murders in the coal regions, they challenge "legal proof" that any conspiracy to murder existed, or that any "member in good standing" was guilty of the foul deed. We presume that, at Waterbury as in Pennsylvania, it would be held a sufficient exculpation if the detected murderer should prove to be a member who was behind in his dues. That, as anyone can see, would clear the skirts of unionism. All these renewed sophistries and evasions are cut through, however, by a stroke of common sense. To whom was the murdered policeman offensive? Who thought of him as an enemy to be removed? In what atmosphere of hate and ferocity were engendered the passions which directly led to the murder? Everybody knows the right answers to these questions. It was the intolerant, the tyrannical, the unscrupulous spirit of unionism which fired the shot at the guardian of the non-union men. This was the case, whether it shall be proved or not that the revolver was actually held by a union man. The murder was the natural and fitting culmination of the long series of acts by desperadoes which were confessedly the weapons of unionists levelled at free laborers, and which have been bringing reproach upon the lax and timorous authorities of Waterbury.

As Mr. Goldwin Smith says, with accustomed pungency, in his letter in Tuesday's *Sun*, "whether the cause of the union is the cause of labor, can be determined only by allowing the laborer *freely to decide* whether it is his inter-

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est to belong to a union or not. His judgment is not free if refusal exposes him to persecution." Goldwin Smith is entitled to speak on this subject, for he is one of those soldiers of liberty who fought out the battle of freedom of association for the workingman. With Bright and Cobden he stood against the oppressive combination laws which made it a crime for laboring men so much as to confer together to advance their own interests. And he now affirms that not one of that group of greatly daring Liberals who contended, under much obloquy and odium, against the laws which gave landlords and employers a monopoly, would have countenanced for an instant the modern attempt to create a monopoly of labor. Swift would have been the condemnation of those men for acts of labor-union violence—and its various disguises, as boycotting, picketing, or social ostracism of the non-union laborer—and great would have been their pain and astonishment at beholding the very classes whom they had striven to free from coercion, themselves turning coercionists of the most violent sort.

The action of the Steel Corporation's management, in deciding to carry out their much-discussed stock-conversion scheme, is greatly to be regretted. As all well-informed people in financial circles know, there is far less excuse for the plan to-day than there was when it was proposed a year ago. Regarding that part of the new bond issue which concerns the raising of $50,000,000 fresh capital for improvements, Judge Gary's statement as to the needs of the property will carry deserved weight; though even here it must be observed that the accretion, within the past twelve months, of upwards of $30,000,000 of "undivided earnings" should have made possible the reduction of borrowing demands. For the plan of converting $200,000,000 preferred stock into bonds—a plan already condemned by the best financial judgment—no defence is offered in the directors' circular, beyond the well-worn argument that interest on 5 per cent. bonds is 2 per cent. less than dividends on 7 per cent. stock. It has been intimated that the management itself wished to abandon a plan which the year's events have made not only needless but unwise, but that it found itself bound by its contract with the underwriting syndicate, and could not, therefore, change its policy. This is a possible explanation. Under that contract, the syndicate engaged last April to deliver, in exchange for a portion of the projected bonds, at least $20,000,000 cash and $80,000,000 preferred stock. In return for such services, the syndicate was to receive from the company a cash bonus of 4 per cent. on all bonds placed in accordance with the plan. Since the profit thus involved might amount to the very respectable sum of $10,000,000, it would not be at all surprising if the underwriters had stood on the terms of the contract, and it may be that their legal claim is impregnable. We doubt, however, if such an explanation will avert criticism.

A symposium of German professors on the Monroe Doctrine has produced more sound and fury than sweetness and light. The professors in council pretty generally committed themselves to the Middle-European theory, advocating a coalition against the "empty pretensions" of the United States. But these doctors disagree badly as to the scope of the central European confederacy. Professor Wagner, an economist at large, feels that the object of attack is Anglo-American preponderancy. "The world's civilization would hardly be advanced thereby." His bitter remarks, unwise and unjust though they be, are but the natural comment upon extreme Imperialism, whether British or American. Still another *Gelehrter* would like to see the Anglo-German alliance made permanent as against the United States. The editor of the Berlin *Post* finds that the blessed Doctrine is a "non-binding monologue, whose enforcement is purely a question of force," but he holds that Germany's interests are so little involved in the question that it may be dismissed as academic. In this German discussion, strangely enough, the part of wisdom has been left to the pessimist philosopher Eduard von Hartmann, who opines that it would be unpopular in Germany to speak well of the Doctrine, unpopular in America to speak ill of it; hence, that "silence is best."

The attempt to continue the unnatural alliance which has carried the tariff bill through the Reichstag is a striking tribute to the strength of the Socialist movement, against which the coalition is directed. It may be that fear of Socialism will cement a cabal composed of such incompatible elements as National Liberals, Anti-Semites, and Agrarians, but it is equally true that everything points to a corresponding increase in the strength of the Socialists. The scandalous food taxes, which must inevitably bring distress, the impediments thrown in the way of reciprocity treaties which might stimulate export of manufactured articles—this whole programme of industrial oppression pleads loudly the cause of social reform in all the cities of the Empire. In the election of 1898, the Social Democrats had a substantial plurality of the votes cast. Just how many votes they will add to their 2,120,000, or how many seats to their present 56, is matter of sheer speculation. But since the German proletariat has real and substantial grievances, and since the German Socialists have excellent leadership and a moderate programme of reform, it is certain that the movement must grow, despite temporary hostile combinations of the minor parliamentary groups. In fact, this tripartite alliance against Socialism will unfailingly recall to a whimsical observer a bond between an engineer, a fireman, and a stoker, to sit on the safety valve and prevent the escape of steam.

Professor Holland, who teaches international law at Oxford, points out that the Venezuelan protocols still leave it in doubt whether Great Britain was ever at war with Venezuela. The British Government seemed to cling to its theory of "unfriendly pressure" and "reprisals," as accounting for all that occurred. Professor Holland disposes of this by one knock-down argument. Prize courts were set up in Trinidad to pass upon captures, and prize courts necessarily imply a state of war. Even Lord Lansdowne appears to have been dimly aware that something very like war was going on, since one clause of the protocols provided that any treaty between Venezuela and Great Britain which "may have been abrogated by war" should be renewed. Professor Holland argues for more explicit and straightforward proceedings, contending that it is "surely desirable that henceforth Great Britain should know, and that other nations should at least have the means of knowing, for certain, whether she is at war or at peace."

To Roman Catholic Christianity, so perfect is the continuity of its traditions, it would make comparatively little difference whether Leo XIII. or another Pope were celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary. The gorgeous display under Michelangelo's dome would be the same. Thousands of prelates in splendid robes would represent the ecclesiastical pomp that befits the head of a universal church, armored guards and equerries would keep up the requisite show of royal state, and the acclaiming multitude would represent that desire for spiritual leadership upon which, in the last analysis, all organized religion rests. What makes the present solemnity interesting to all thoughtful people, Christians or otherwise, is the man Joachim Pecci, not the Pope. In that ardent spirit lightly held in a frail body they see, first, a man of simple and apostolic piety who has carried into modern times the graceful scholarship of an Æneas Sylvius, and a Pontiff who has led a great church out of the toils of political intrigue prepared for it by Metternich, and onward into sympathy with society and government as they actually are. How important this exaltation of the moral as against the bureaucratic function of the Church has been is only beginning to be understood. Such considerations give to the ceremonies on March 3 a more than œcumenical significance.

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LARGER ASPECTS OF THE LATE CONGRESS.

In passing judgment on the Fifty-seventh Congress, it will be wiser to look at its general influence and drift than merely to reckon up the number of bills passed, slain, or mutilated. Rival partisan cries always confuse the issue of fact. "You have been prodigal." "No, we have not." "The people will soon turn you out as unprofitable servants." "No, they won't; they will be too busy keeping *your* party out." These vain disputes profit us nothing. In actual work done, Congress has given us the usual mixture of sweet and bitter. We may thank it for a failure to act at all on the Ship-Subsidy bill; we may praise it for its beginnings of Trust regulation and for its measures of army reform—just as we must condemn it severely for its callous neglect of the Filipinos; but, after all, the more deeply and permanently interesting questions are, What political and public tendencies does the late Congress exemplify? How does it stand before the country as reflecting the national will?

We think that the two years just ended at Washington have marked, on the whole, a further abasement of the power of the House, as compared with the Senate. This has been partly due to its being in the hands of small men. Like Speaker, like House. Vacillating incapacity in the Chair goes well with fluctuating irresolution on the floor. But there is a deeper reason. Senators are more and more coming to dominate the House through their control of whole "delegations" in it. How can the House be expected to stand out against the Senate in a great matter of legislation on which Senators have set their hearts, when Quay and Platt and Hanna can walk over and whip their forty or fifty puppets into line? This is one of the ways in which the overshadowing Senate has grown more towering. Secretly controlling, because Senators have created, a large element in the House itself, it casts a grosser shadow every day.

Yet, with its swelling power, the session has shown it to possess a deepening disrepute with thoughtful men. Congressman Cannon, in his impassioned manner, uttered the thoughts of many hearts when he denounced the way in which the Senate delivers itself—and the public business—bound and gagged, into the hands of the unblushing obstructionist or the unscrupulous corruptor. The Senate has broken down in its own theory of "courtesy" as the solvent of all difficulties and the best agent in the dispatch of public affairs. So like the methods of highwaymen has the courtesy of the Senate appeared during the last few weeks; so shameless the arrogance and disregard of the general interest displayed; so humiliating and even disastrous the result, that it is no wonder the whole situation appears almost intolerable to Senators themselves. Unless they mend their manners or change their rules, it will soon appear altogether intolerable to the country.

In the matter of the relations of Congress and Executive, we have seen still further examples of what is called, on the one side, "Executive encroachments," and, on the other, "a firm discharge of the duty of the Chief Magistrate." Whatever we call it, or whatever we think of it, the fact remains that the President had to fling himself upon the late Congress, and exert his influence in all manner of open and indirect ways, in order to secure from its grudging hand the legislation which he and the people demanded. In many cases, even his impetuous urging could not make Congress budge; but the constant pressure has excited friction. Everybody who goes to Washington and has confidential conversation with Congressmen, is struck with the extraordinary bitterness of many of them towards Mr. Roosevelt. A frequent query of theirs is, "How can we keep that man out of the White House after his present term?" This intense hostility grows partly out of questions of patronage; but more out of the way in which the President has sailed his own course, and so often brought Congress up with a round turn. It pervades the entire party organization of Congress down to the very doorkeepers, who make no concealment of their hope that Senator Hanna will be the next President. The whole phenomenon is certainly one of the most striking facts connected with the Fifty-seventh Congress.

Fully as significant, however, is the total failure of the Congress to live up to the boasts and the promises of our Imperialists. As an organ of government for distant colonies, it has shown itself altogether a disappointment and a delusion. No Expansionist can deny this, for it stands written on the record. Out of President Roosevelt's own mouth let an Imperialist Congress be judged. At least three capital measures did he urge upon Congress as a portion of our "world-policy"—the interoceanic canal, the Cuban treaty, the Philippine Tariff bill. These were an essential part of that great mission which we are to play whether we want to or not. But Congress could tell Mr. Roosevelt a thing or two about that. It took his great-mission bills and threw them into the rubbish heap. He solemnly reminded it of the "responsibilities" which it had assumed, but it couldn't have run away from them any more cavalierly if it had been his own dearest foe—the "weakling."

Why should this surprise us? Our country's very existence is a standing protest against the notion that colonies can be justly governed across the estranging sea. That idea fails to-day with us, just as it failed with England and her American colonies, and with Spain and hers. We send our best Governor to the Philippines; but when he emphatically warns us that our course is one of perilous neglect, we treat his appeals and his protests just as England treated Franklin's; or Spain Polavieja's. In other words, Congress stands to-day a confessed failure, in the eyes of Imperialists themselves, as a source of wise and healing legislation for distant subjects. What our forefathers asserted to be the necessary fate of a people governed against their will and without representation, we are now proving in the sad experience of our Philippine subjects. Disagreeable as it would be to President Roosevelt to confess this truth, by at once calling the new House in extra session, as well as the new Senate, and demanding the passage of the bill which Gov. Taft certifies to be vital to the welfare of the Filipinos, that way duty, if not strenuosity, lies.

NEGROES AND POOR WHITES.

President Roosevelt's prompt renewal of the nomination of Dr. Crum will compel the new Senate, with a Republican majority of twenty-four, to face a question which the last Senate endeavored to shirk. That question is whether the colored man of education and character is to be recognized and encouraged, and through him his race encouraged. Behind this individual case there lies, of course, the large principle at stake. Is the attack on the negro's political rights to include an assault upon his personal rights? Is his disqualification for office to go hand in hand with his disfranchisement? Is he to be thrust back, instead of helped, when he tries to rise? These are the issues now looming large before the Republican party, and it could not put them by if it wished.

In approaching their discussion and settlement it is necessary to look fairly at the situation in the South. The apparent solidity there in opposition to the colored man's struggle upward is not real. Evidence abounds that the best Southern people do not share that intense hostility to the negro's aspirations which has been voiced in so many an intolerant utterance by Southern newspapers and Southern Congressmen. For negro education, in particular, is there widespread sympathy among intelligent Southerners. They show it in word, and deed, and gift. The heads of institutions for the education of colored youth testify in the strongest way to the active encouragement and support which they receive from the finest white citizenship about them. There is undoubtedly a philanthropic class of Southerners who not only think kindly of the negro, but labor intelligently for his uplifting.

This brings us to the striking fact that the most violent and clamorous pro-

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tests against equality before the law for the negro come from the "poor whites" of the South. (We use the term for identification, merely, not by way of reproach.) It is they and their spokesmen who are most intemperate and inflammatory. Senator Tillman is their apostle. If not exactly a poor white himself, it was at any rate as the representative of that class that he rose to power. It was the more ignorant and prejudiced white vote of South Carolina which enabled Benjamin Tillman to wrest political control from the old white aristocracy of the State. He exalted himself by humbling the Hamptons and Butlers, and driving them out of public life. This must be borne in mind when weighing the words of this man. He does not speak for the entire South, but for a Southern class. The Lamars, the Gordons, the Haygoods, the Currys—in general, the intellectual and moral aristocracy of the South—would repudiate Tillman's extreme positions as indignantly as the best people of the North.

This, however, does not lessen the ominous significance of the stand taken by the South Carolina Senator. Speaking for his class, he declares opposition not only to negro office-holding, but to negro suffrage; not only to negro suffrage, but to negro education. In his speech in the Senate on February 24, he made it all too clear that the poor whites of the South dread and hate the rise of the negro to better things. The only good negroes in Mr. Tillman's eyes are those who quietly work for the white man and "do not know anything about the elections." It was all very fine, he said, for the President to talk about not shutting the door of hope and opportunity to the black man, but if you opened it to the negro, do you not see that you would be shutting it in the face of his white brother? What the poor whites really want was declared without ambiguity by Senator Tillman. They want the negroes to remain in ignorance and degradation, so that they may continue as a sort of serviceable peasantry in the South, and never rid themselves of "that feeling of *subordination* which is their only salvation."

The bearing of this on negro education is obvious. Senator Tillman is frank enough and logical enough to see whither his argument tends. He perceives that, if the educated negro is not to be permitted to rise, then it is criminal folly to educate him at all. Accordingly, he admits that the educational qualification for the suffrage, adopted in so many Southern States, was designed only as a makeshift to suppress the negro vote. It was only a "temporary" expedient, says Senator Tillman; and he is now in a state of great alarm over the increasing number of negro graduates from public schools who are able to pass the educational test. The idea of an intelligent electorate—when *colored*—appalls Mr. Tillman. "Every man who can look beyond his nose can see that, with the negroes constantly going to school, the increasing number of people who can read and write among the colored race . . . will in time encroach upon and reach and overbalance our white men." This is the fear which makes Senator Tillman assert that the sufficiency of the educational solution of the race problem in the South can be believed in only by "shallow thinkers." His remedy would be to shut the negroes out of school as well as out of office. This shows how essentially and necessarily the movement against the political rights of the negro is a movement to force him back into ignorance and barbarism. This is not slavery, it is said. "Subordination," the wise it call. But, however named, it is evident that the poor whites of the South are bent on putting it as a yoke upon the colored race, which they would keep in a condition of tacit helotry, hewers of wood and drawers of water for ever.

THE WALL STREET FLURRY.

There are people in Wall Street who believe that the prevailing stringency in money is due to the failure of the Aldrich bill, and to the large drafts of the Treasury on the cash reserves of the banks. This opinion prevails extensively among those who are carrying on margin large blocks of railroad and industrial bonds which they have been unable to sell. The load of these securities resting on the market is enormous. It is impossible to make any close estimate of the amount, since nobody knows how many have been worked off since their first issue. They consist largely of new securities which are intended to take the place of old ones, but which have to be first converted into money; in part, also, of new undertakings such as additional tracks and terminal facilities for railways, and still more, perhaps, for the purchase of small roads to serve as branches of large ones. The total amount which has not yet reached the hands of investors who will hold them for the sake of the income they bring, ranges in the hundreds of millions of dollars. The securities are generally of a good class. They earn their interest. In an ordinary market they would pay for their own carrying. The only trouble is that there are too many of them. The resources of the banks were never so large as now, yet they have their limits. The demands upon them are apparently without limit, and Europe has been called upon from time to time to make up the difference.

According to the best estimates obtainable, our floating indebtedness abroad at midsummer last year was between four and five hundred millions. In one way and another this had been lessened about one-half at the beginning of the present year, and would have been reduced to manageable proportions ere this time but for an unexpected phenomenon, the freight blockade. This element in the financial situation has not received the attention that it deserves. Enormous quantities of grain have been stopped between the producer and the consumer for the want of cars, locomotives, and rails. Wheat that was started from the farms last December and sent five hundred miles eastward is still en route. Offers have been made by shippers in the West of 2½ cents per bushel above the published rates, for the transportation of corn to any seaport beween Boston and New Orleans. The grain elevators on the lakes are full to bursting, and here we find another drastic call for money. If all of this stuff could be moved it would all be paid for, and would *pro tanto* liquidate our indebtedness abroad. The part which cannot be moved must be carried by the banks. The "hurry call" from the West for money two weeks ago must have had some connection with the congested condition of the grain trade, and this congestion cannot possibly be relieved before the opening of lake navigation. The fact is, that our railroads were built and equipped for the conditions of twenty years ago. In the interval, great cities have doubled in population and more than doubled in productive power. Facilities of transportation have not increased in like proportion, and, generally speaking, terminal facilities have not increased at all. The latter, being the most expensive additions of all, are generally the last ones attended to, and here we find the most stubborn element of the freight blockade.

The payment of our floating debt abroad grew less and less, and finally came to a halt, and now we are borrowing back the same money we had once paid. Europe is willing to let us have it at a price. Time money was loaned to New York borrowers by Berlin last week at 5½ per cent., and even 6 per cent. was quoted in that market on Saturday. Of course, such rates cannot be paid forever on collaterals which earn only 4, 4½, or 5 per cent. The situation must work its own cure. There is money enough in the world to absorb at some price all the surplus bonds that are really earning their interest. Both American and European investors will take them when they think that the bottom has been reached. Dropping the price, however, is a delicate matter, like taking soundings on a lee shore during a fog. The investing public usually go in droves. They buy when prices are rising, and abstain when they are falling. They are abstaining now, not because they do not consider the goods worth the prices asked, but because they believe that some of the present holders will be obliged to sell, and

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that then better bargains can be made. They are probably right in so thinking.

In the face of the enormous calls for money to carry this accumulation, the takings of the Treasury are of small account. And what do these takings signify? They represent the consumption of goods by the American people. They are imposts and excises (cuttings-off) which the Government takes as its share of commercial transactions. The greater or less amount which the Government takes is symptomatic of the condition of trade at any given time. At the present time they point to a condition of general prosperity. It is something like mockery to tell a man whose note at the bank, backed by good collaterals, is called, that the country is prosperous. Yet that is the fact. Whether the flurry in Wall Street shall continue or subside, the economic condition of the country is sound, of which fact the freight blockade is additional testimony coincident with the large receipts of the Treasury. The London *Times* is right in saying that our business world has "bitten off more than it can chew," if that phrase is limited to the manufacture of stocks and bonds, but not if it applies to the production and exchange of the useful commodities of civilized life.

MODERN MEDIÆVALISM.

It is more than likely that most Americans heard for the first time the name of Gaston Paris through the inadequate obituaries printed in Friday's papers, yet the news of his death will bring to scores of scholars in our colleges and universities that peculiar sense of loss which comes when a leader dies. For Gaston Paris illustrated in its perfection, if he did not originate, a new and fruitful attitude towards the study of the Middle Ages. The time will come when scholars will study the Mediæval Renaissance, which throughout the nineteenth century runs curiously counter to the ever increasing current of natural science, as they now study the Classical Renaissance. Such investigators will discover that the first generation of Mediævalists, whom we may represent roughly by Bishop Percy of the 'Reliques,' by Herder and the Schlegels in Germany, by Scott and Hugo in fiction, and Ruskin in art, all approached the Middle Ages in the spirit of sentimental travellers. They welcomed the ring of Roland's horn and the flash of Siegfried's brand, or the naïve beauty of an allegory by Giotto as a relief from the periwigged Catos and Cæsars, and, in general, from the conventional Olympus of the eighteenth century. The world was weary of the clarity and common sense of Voltaire, and found solace in the mysterious land of Arthur or the strange doom of Tristan and Isolde.

There was a mixture of motives in the enthusiasm of the first mediævalists. They loved the literature and the art of the Middle Ages for its romantic quality, which they greatly exaggerated, and for its unlikeness to the art of the followers of Boileau and Pope. They also found the fund of mediæval legends an inexhaustible quarry of fresh and attractive material for literature. Scott in a score of works, Hugo in 'Notre Dame de Paris' and 'La Légende des Siècles,' our own Longfellow in the 'Golden Legend' and 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' discovered to the world a little part of the neglected treasures of the Middle Ages. None of the men of this school really understood or cared to understand the material with which they were dealing, any more than the ardent tourist, glutted with new sensations and impressions of beauty, cares to break the spell of enjoyment with the chill of analysis. They had at best proved that the Middle Ages offered much of interest, that Beowulf deserved some consideration beside (say) Ajax, and that the courtly Gawain was not, even in comparison with Ulysses, a negligible personality; they had at most rather asserted than proved that it was as reasonable to consult our nearer origins in the Middle Ages as it was to seek the remoter sources of our culture in classical antiquity.

While these excursions and alarums of the littérateurs were in progress, hundreds of obscure scholars throughout the civilized world were following tardily the example of Muratori, and actually publishing the remains of mediæval literature and art. The first effect of this work was a revulsion of feeling. Studied more narrowly, the Middle Ages lost much of their mystery. The men were very like ourselves. Their literature was at times puerile, and not seldom tedious; their architecture, despite the impassioned pleading of Ruskin and the saner advocacy of Violllet-le-Duc, not adapted to our modern needs. There was and is danger that all who concerned themselves with things mediæval should get a reputation for mole-like industry and corresponding stupidity.

The lifework of Gaston Paris is a refutation of any such short-sighted view. He saw, as Jacob Grimm had seen before him, and as his master, Diez, had shown him, that the Middle Ages must be studied comprehensively as the record of a common and highly intricate civilization. He saw that no single literature could be understood by or for itself. He made it his task to trace the action of literature upon literature. Thus, in one of the most delightful of his popular essays, he shows how the Celtic poets gave to the story of the fated lovers, Tristan and Isolde, its ruder form, how the Normans of England modified the legend in a romantic direction, how the Germans decorated and interpreted it, until the French prettified it out of all resemblance to its original state. Nor is his study complete with the courtly poets of the twelfth century; he analyzes, in conclusion, the modern (one might say, neglecting chronology, the *fin-de-siècle*) atmosphere of pessimism which Wagner wove about this primitive legend of ill-fated love.

No one will fail to note how in such a study erudition and human interest go hand in hand. M. Paris took all mediæval knowledge to be his province. He followed his material, most frequently an episode of the great legend of Arthur, through a dozen literatures. Old Irish, Welsh, Old English, Icelandic, German, French, Spanish, Italian —no pertinent document or version was neglected in his survey. Even in the more special articles which he published in his journal, *Romania*, one frequently had the exhilarating sense of dealing with a living thing. To him a legend or heroic tradition was not merely a literary oddity. It was a growth which, upon a slender basis of history, came into being in answer to the needs of a people. It was an organism that had the power to slough off superfluous members, to graft upon itself foreign material, to lose itself in some greater legend cycle—all of these transmutations arising in obedience to the thought and feeling of the men of the Middle Ages. This mere hint of M. Paris's point of view should suggest its value. He hoped to ascertain the mediæval spirit as definitely as classical scholarship has assimilated the Hellenic or Roman spirit. There is no need to compare the two fields of study. Enough that both are humane, and that the mastery of any alien civilization is in a sense a doubling of the personality of the investigator.

It was consonant with the comprehensiveness and humane intention of this new mediævalism that its most distinguished representative found time, while indefatigable in his production of special works, to fulfil the public duties of an Academician, the large administrative responsibilities of the Directorship of the College of France, to dispense a gracious hospitality to all literary Paris and its guests, to train hundreds of students in his methods; finally, to make accessible to the cultured public his most important results in essays on mediæval subjects which are a model of classic structure and grace.

MIDWINTER LOAFING IN JAMAICA.—II.

PORT MORANT, February 3, 1903.

The journey from Port Antonio to Mandeville, where my previous letter was dated, may well be broken at Spanish Town. The island was discovered by Columbus during his second voyage, in 1494, and tradition still points out the spot where he careened his ship. The Spanish domination lasted considerably less than half of the four centuries that have since elapsed; for in 1655 Admiral Penn, the father of our William, came out at Cromwell's behest and made Jamaica a British dependency; and thus the names of the two capitals, Spanish Town of the past and Kingston of the present, suggest in briefest epitome the history of the island. Spanish Town is, in very deed, of the past, and "Ichabod" is writ staring on its walls; but not, I must admit, on the walls of its charming little inn, the Rio Cobre, for of that hostelry the "glories are" not yet "departed." A superb Royal Palm adorns the space before the main entrance; the verandas are cool and shady, the rooms airy and clean; and the bath-tanks (you can hardly call them tubs) of cumbrous masonwork are uncommonly inviting. The food and cooking, too, are distinctively Jamaican: you may have yams done to perfection—that is, without a trace of sogginess—or fried ackie (its toothsomeness, I suspect, like that of sweetbreads, is adscititious), or stewed guavas with cocoanut cream (toothsomeness, *per contra*, intrinsic!); and for dessert you may, after your banana pudding, have a glass of "matrimony," or make it yourself by mingling in a large "schooner" the pulp of an orange with that of a custard-apple. I am seated near several young men (Norwegian and German) who have come hither from the technical schools of Berlin to serve as chemical experts in the dyestuff

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factory. A letter from the Fatherland is given to one of them, and, holding it in a hand that is stained very black, he reads it with an expression that makes one surmise that, despite tropical scenery and luscious fruits and good pay, life here to him is exile indeed.

After luncheon and a leisurely siesta, I visit the cathedral church of St. James of the Plain (Santiago de la Vega). It is an impressively venerable structure. The enthusiasm of the verger, perhaps more loving than judicial, referred one part of the transept to the year 1530; a critic in Kingston made short shrift with that claim, but the solid mahogany roof-timbers of the (much younger) nave are so black as to suggest great antiquity to the unrestrained imagination of the laic. The aisles are paved with the sepulchral tablets of old-time notables, and the inscriptions, well worn by the footsteps of the devout, are now literally the "fading honors of the dead." A rickety "buggy" takes you to the somnolent market, to the superb statue of Rodney that commemorates his victory over the French fleet in 1782, to the King's House, once the residence of the Governors, the worthy scene of many a stately function, and so finally to the quiet railway station.

The first few miles offer convincing evidence as to the value of irrigation. On our left are extensive plantations of logwood trees, and the well-watered acres are green and flourishing with unnumbered tons of the precious dyeware; while on our right the land stretches dry and sear in almost painful contrast. The irrigated acres have recently quadrupled in value, they say, and I can well believe it. The train passes under the arches of a beautiful old Spanish aqueduct. It looks as if it were modelled after the Roman one at Segovia in Old Castile; and one might marvel at the age and directness of a human tradition that reaches from the Campagna of 312 B. C. to St. Catherine's parish of now, were it not for the thought that our planet is, after all, but a chick-pea in the cosmos, and recorded human history not half the tick of many a celestial clock. Be all that as it may, Jamaican railway journeys at longest are short. From Spanish Town to Williamsfield, where we leave the train, is about forty-one miles, and a run of two hours. An hour and a half is spent on the first thirty-five; that brings us to Porus, where the climb begins in dead earnest, and the remaining half-hour is spent on the remaining half-dozen miles. As miles of horizontal progress they count for six, but they include also nearly nine hundred feet of progress in the vertical. At Williamsfield we enter a "buggy" and are fairly whirled upward for another eight hundred and more, over the splendid roads, until at last, behind horses that steam in the chill evening air, we alight at the lodgings of Mrs. Halliday in Mandeville.

Apart from climate and flora, there is much in Jamaica to remind you of India. There are coolies (ten thousand and more), with bangles on their arms, and on their walls Sanskrit or nāgarī characters, a script that almost startles you here at the antipodes of the pandits. One sign, as I remember it, was "Dan Pattie a Coolie man," evidently the Sanskrit Dhana-pati, 'Lord of wealth,' and having as little to do with Daniel and Patrick as the "wealth" had to do with stocks and bonds. The country beds are springless couches on which is laid a mat of rushes or leaf-fibre, thus answering to the seetalputty or 'cool mat' of Bengal. The fewness of the birds is very striking, and, if you ask the reason, you are told that the mungoose was imported from India to exterminate (*à la* Rikki-tikki-tavi) the snakes; that he did his work no less effectively than Kipling's little hero; but that he then devoted himself to the birds and their eggs, and that even now he does not discriminate properly between birds and poultry. This was more than the Jamaicans bargained for, and yet all the time there were Sanskrit fables, millenniums old, to warn them against precisely such a contingency! Even the place-names suggest India. Mandeville recalls the shadowy Sir John and his wanderings on the way to Cathay; and was not Porus the Hindu King famous for his quick-witted answer to Alexander the Great? "How would you be treated?" asked the victor. "Like a King," said Porus.

The sights of Mandeville are not the "work of men's hands." They are the distant hills and mountains, and the sky. But I visited the market on market-day. There you shall see women who have walked a dozen miles with a basket of yams on their head; donkeys laden with most unrefined loaves of native brown sugar, and with a look of indifference to joy or to sorrow on their faces that would do credit to a Buddhist saint; ropes of tobacco at "thruppence" a yard; fruits that attract and meats that repel; for indeed the shambles were enough to subdue to vegetarianism the carnivorous instinct of the rabidest beef-eater. You wonder that the methods of exchange and distribution should still be so primitive, and—perhaps, rather loftily—you contrast them with those obtaining at Park & Tilford's or at Wanamaker's.

It was a discovery fit for a wandering New Englander's Sunday to find that every one of our company of eight at Mrs. Halliday's was from New England; and pleasantly suggestive of Cambridge and home to hear in the evening Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" read aloud from a collection that lay in the common room. To me it was a vivid reminder of my honored colleague and neighbor and friend, Charles Eliot Norton, to hear by odd chance, immediately thereafter, the charming idyll of his father, Andrews Norton (1786-1853), entitled, "After a Summer Shower." What Harvard student of to-day thinks of Cambridge as the possible setting for an idyll? Its quiet roads, its lanes, with grassy walks and borders of trees, are gone; "progress and improvement" have given us instead noisy tracks of steel, pavements of brick bordered with massive posts and foliage of wire—all as little suggestive of poetry as is the lumbering water-cart that lays the pungent dust. Norton's lines, sweet with the smell of woods and field, are a poem, and a document as well, and deserve to be remembered elsewhere than in Jamaica.

We bestir ourselves Monday long before sunrise. To be awake at that hour in the tropics is not unworth the while, if for no other purpose than to see the splendid stars, their quick and silent fading out, and the glories of sunrise. That very sight gave the *motif* for one of the oldest poems of our race, a hymn of the Rig-Veda, of which one verse (1. 50. 2), Englished quite closely, reads:

> "Off—like as robbers—slink away
> Yon constellations with their beams
> Before the all-beholding Sun."

The moderns will not greatly improve the description. Broad daylight finds us jolting prosily along in our train, and, as we near Kingston, the business men join us. One of them, a little lawyer, engaged in conversation by my companion, berates the Torrens system of land-registration, now in force here, for its possibilities of injustice, quite in the manner of much more intelligent, and so less excusable, conveyancers nearer home.

The day at the capital passes quickly with sight-seeing and the buying of knick-knacks. For the boys you must take home machetes, the big chopping-knives that look so murderous, and are, in fact, used so generally for the most peaceful operations of husbandry; and for the girls you take brown-faced, West India dollies, and some little ippi-appi hats, the latter durable enough to serve for the dollies of the granddaughters of those same girls. If, otherwise than by personal observation and inquiry, you want to learn facts about the island, get the 'Handbook of Jamaica for 1902, comprising historical, statistical, and general information concerning the island,' by T. L. Roxburgh and Joseph C. Ford. It is issued by the Government Printing-Office at Kingston, and is in its twenty-third year of publication. The most important guide to other sources of information is doubtless the 'Bibliographia Jamaicensis,' by Frank Cundall, Secretary of the Institute of Jamaica (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). This is a well-arranged collection of over eleven hundred titles, set under such rubrics as history, descriptive accounts, biography, natural history, medicine, agriculture, trade, law, folk-lore, fiction, etc., and is obviously indispensable for any serious student. The Institute Library is rich in works on Jamaica; and among the exhibits of the attractive museum are the papers which were found in the maw of a shark, and which led to the condemnation of the brig *Nancy*, in 1799—ocular evidence of an occurrence such as has formed the cardinal incident of many a romantic tale of ancient and modern times.

Our steamer quitted Kingston harbor early this morning for Boston, calling here for the day at Port Morant for a few thousand more bunches of bananas. As we turn to enter the bay, the air is filled with delightful fragrance, and I am told that it comes from the blossoms of the logwood trees on the somewhat distant shore. The supercargo, at leisure for an hour or two, is a man of intelligence, and tells me not a little of his happy life on an estate of 993 acres of which he has the leasehold; and something, too, of the banana industry. He was sanguine in his prophecy of fortunes for the men who shall successfully utilize as paper fibre the enormous masses of banana stalks that now rot on the ground. As to the reason why Congress maintains an import duty on bananas he was discreetly reticent; perhaps it is for the protection of some growers of this hardy fruit on the sun-kissed slopes of Nahant!

It may interest others than myself to know that the custom obtains here for the tenant or sub-tenant to pay the taxes to the Government directly, and not through the hands of his landlords. How often with

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us is the tenant of an apartment, or even of a stately house, looked upon, not only by others, but even by himself, as a non-taxpayer, because, forsooth, he makes no direct remittance to the collector! And what possibilities of improvement in our municipal life inhere in the Jamaican custom! If only the day laborer could be brought to see that the money squandered by dishonest officials is his money, earned by his toil, how much more keenly alive to the need of good public housekeeping might he not become! But our bananas are aboard, the night is falling, the steamer rounds the point, and, thrusting her bow into the billows of the northeast swell, she heads for Cape Maysi and home. C. R. LANMAN.

Correspondence.

WANTED—AN INDIVIDUALIST PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Politics," according to George IV., "is a poor trade for a gentleman." It certainly is, if he tries to think consistently. In politics, if he appeals from what seems to be the immediately expedient to principles, the ultimately expedient, he is "doctrinaire." If he is in opposition to the general trend, he is "negative"—like the ten commandments, and about as unpopular. If he points out evils, he is "pessimistic." Let him believe that our Legislatures might better be employed in repealing discredited statutes than in passing similar measures to be discredited, and he is not "constructive." Should he oppose tinkering, he is scoffed at as "laisser-faire." Without offence, he may ably discuss any single question; but if, in its discussion, he hints at the existence of a coördinating thesis—a central unifying idea—in his theory of politics, he is "not practical." If he gives the public something that is not kindergarten, he commits the unpardonable sin—he is "academic." In politics, the personnel, with praiseworthy exceptions, is what might be expected from the philosophy.

Disraeli, the tricky, once said with a complacent smirk, "This country is governed by Parliament, and not by logic." If he should come to earth again, none of our Legislatures would offend him by their excessive addiction to logic. But a change is coming. As the Barbarians were a beneficent scourge to Rome for cowardly living, the Socialists will prove a needed corrective to us for our cowardly thinking.

There are two great basal principles of political action—Socialism and Individualism. Two parties are needed to represent these principles. The Socialist party is doing effective work by forcing vacillating politicians into definite positions. An Individualist party—call it Republican, if you wish: the name is not important—it is to be hoped, will soon be formed. The day is coming when the people will say to both the great parties, in the strong, old-fashioned words of Scripture: "I know thy ways, thou art neither hot nor cold. I will spue thee out of my mouth."

JAMES DOOLING.

NEWTONVILLE, MASS., March 5, 1903.

CULTURE, OR SOMETHING AKIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been greatly interested in "Agatha's" 'Observations in a Big University,' and in Fanny Purdy Palmer's addendum thereto under the heading "Culture and 'Commonness.'" With many of the views expressed I am in closest sympathy; but, as a graduate from one of those "big Western universities," I protest against any final judgment being pronounced upon them or the results of their training when only the two witnesses, "Culture" as defined by Matthew Arnold, and "Commonness," have been heard.

If to be truly cultured one must be engaged in "the disinterested pursuit of perfection," then few of the graduates of our Western universities are or may ever hope to be cultured. Arnold's definition of culture may adequately define the culture of one who is always and only to be a scholar; but if the word be limited to his definition, we shut out a "something" which comes to the life of every earnest student who spends four years in a big university—a something which we have made bold to call culture.

Our Western universities are receiving young men and young women from country homes and from small villages, and giving them opportunities to come in touch not only with the brightest minds among their fellows, but with the matured and broadened intellects of professors and teachers; they are enlarging the horizon of life for thousands of boys and girls, and giving them sound views on the relative values of things with which they will come in constant contact in their future lives. In spite of the frivolity which "Agatha" deplores, these big Western universities are teaching the majority of their students to attack difficult problems with courage and zeal, and to hold to them until they are solved. If this mental and spiritual breadth and depth, the soundness of judgment and courage of spirit—in short, the power to meet life as it faces each of them in future years, and to meet it victoriously—if this spirit, which is developed in our big universities, be not "Culture," it is something very worthy to take its place.

JEANNETTE BOYNTON STORMS.

MADISON, WIS., March 4, 1903.

A MISFIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From a letter published in one of your recent issues, written by Mr. Jones of the Salem Public Library, I notice that he has had some difficulty in using the index to the American edition of Alderson's 'Andrew Carnegie.' I mistrust that the American publishers, in resetting the work from the English edition, have "followed copy" in the case of the index without replacing the references by new paging. If Mr. Jones had purchased the English edition, he could have imported it for 56 cents, instead of paying $1.26 (library rate for the American edition), and would have had a copy in which the index would "work."

Very truly yours,

GEORGE F. BOWERMAN, Librarian.

WILMINGTON INSTITUTE FREE LIBRARY, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, March 4, 1903.

THE "FIRST NOVEL" SERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has just been called to a review of a novel published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., in your issue of February 5. It is described as being a volume in the "First Novel" series. I certainly am much surprised to see this announcement, as this is the title of a series we originated now some twelve months ago, the first volume in which, 'Wistons,' by Miles Amber, was published in New York by Messrs. Scribner, and the other volumes in the same series have been published in New York by Messrs. Appleton and Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. Under the circumstances surely there must be some mistake; I cannot believe that another publishing house would adopt the title and style of a Library issued by a confrère, even though he be an Englishman.

Yours truly, T. FISHER UNWIN.

11 PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, LONDON, February 19, 1903.

Notes.

'The Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence and Constitutional Theory,' by Prof. Duncan B. Macdonald of Hartford Theological Seminary, is in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons for speedy publication.

From McClure, Phillips & Co.'s spring list we select an abridgment and rearrangement in one volume, by George Gissing, of Forster's Life of Dickens; 'Life and Destiny,' by Felix Adler; 'The Prayers of Dr. Johnson,' edited by W. A. Bradley; 'The Flower Garden,' by Ida Bennett; 'A Book of Travel,' before the mast, by Albert Sonnichsen; 'American Industrial Problems,' by W. B. Lawson; and 'George Douglas Brown: Unpublished Papers and a Memoir.'

Twenty-six studies of American character constitute Mr. George Ade's new book, 'People You Know,' in the press of R. H. Russell.

The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, have nearly ready, in "The Historic Highways of America," 'Braddock's Road,' to be followed by 'The Old Glade Road' and 'Boone's Wilderness Road'; also, the first of the 55 volumes of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803,' edited by E. H. Blair and J. A. Robertson, with an introduction by Prof. E. G. Bourne.

The "universal language" is not dead yet, as witness 'Esperanto: The Student's Complete Textbook,' containing full grammar, exercises, commercial letters, and two vocabularies, compiled by J. C. O'Connor, B.A., and to be published immediately by Fleming H. Revell Co.

From Richard G. Badger, Boston, we may expect Julius Wolf's metrical romance of 'Tannhäuser,' translated by Charles G. Kendall; 'Vita,' a drama, by Grace Denio Litchfield; and a large number of books of verse.

Francis P. Harper will publish early next month a 'History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River: Life and Adventures of Joseph La Barge,' in two volumes, illustrated by Capt. Hiram Martin Chittenden. It will form No. 4 of the "American Explorers Series."

The season's output of A. C. McClurg &

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Co. embraces 'An Index to Poetry and Recitations,' based on more than 300 standard and popular collections; 'A Selection from the Best English Essays,' with introductions and an historical and critical study of English prose style, by Sherwin Cody; 'Reflections of a Lonely Man,' by A. C. M.; 'The Souls of Black Folk,' by Prof. W. E. B. DuBois, of Atlanta University; 'The Law of Mental Medicine,' by Dr. Thomas J. Hudson; Felix Dahn's 'Felicitas,' translated by Mary J. Safford; and 'Cartoons by McCutcheon,' from the Chicago *Record-Herald*.

Lemcke & Büchner announce that they will publish, for America, the *editio princeps* of one of the oldest manuscripts of any Greek author, Timotheus of Miletus, the 'Persæ,' from a papyrus recently found at Abusir—unfortunately the second half only. It has been edited by U. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff. Hitherto only a few quotations from this work have been known. A facsimile edition will be issued with a short introduction, and also a text edition with a very full introduction, a philological commentary, a paraphrase in scholiastic Greek, and *index verborum*.

The Wallace collection at London has been the subject of many illustrated works, but none of these have been so ambitious as the folio announced by Goupil & Co. The entire work will be printed on Japanese vellum; the plates will be 100, of which twenty will be colored in "Goupilgravure." It will be issued in ten parts, with duplicates of the plates on India paper. The edition is limited to 100 copies, and the price thirty dollars a part.

Walter Jerrold's edition of Thackeray's Prose Works (Dent-Macmillan) proceeds with his 'Paris Sketch-Book.' The illustrations are rather notable—a handful by Brock, including a counterfeit of Philipon's pear-shaped caricature of Louis Philippe; a copy of Burnard's bust of Thackeray; and the author's own "Ludovicus Rex," or royalty robed and disrobed.

The sub-title "First Folio Edition" gives the reason for a new issue of Shakspere by Charlotte Porter and Helen Clark. The text is a literal reprint of the First Folio, all additions by the editors or from the quartos being inclosed in brackets. Emendations and various readings are relegated to the foot of the page, though rejected variorum readings have an especial appendix. The notes are very full, and also the glossary, while there is a department of "selected criticism." This is said of "A Midsommer Nights Dreame," which, neglecting the order of the First Folio, begins the series. The volume is of pocket size, and satisfactorily made by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. It should be acceptable to all readers of antiquarian taste, for Shakspere as his editors and their printers spelled him is not easily accessible. But the careful editors of the present series have been unfortunate in departing from their principle in printing not the portrait from the First Folio, but the so-called "Droeshout Original" portrait at Stratford. This panel will undoubtedly turn out to be only an oil transcript from the print, as Mr. John Corbin intimated some time ago in an article on the Shakspere portraits at Stratford.

The printer's device or trade-mark, which seems to have been suppressed almost entirely by general consent during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was revived by William Pickering of London, about 1830, and has been steadily growing in favor ever since. The Gillis Press of New York has made the trade-mark of that house the subject of a neat little book ('The Story of a Motto and a Mark') explanatory of their device, with its legend in Italian which may be thus freely translated: "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is not a trifle." This legend is attributed to Michelangelo. Several examples of the devices of early printers are introduced to illustrate the subject more clearly. It is a misfortune that some of these illustrations have been reduced too much; they give form with correctness, but are deficient in light and shade, and do not fairly illustrate the strength, clearness, and breadth intended by the designer. Over-reduction in photo-engraving is a common evil which makes the reader lament the decadence of engraving on wood. A design painted with a brush, of the size 16x20 inches, or a print, in the original 4x5 inches, has a different appearance in a book illustration when reduced to the size of 2x3 inches or less. Accuracy of form is preserved, but light and shade are damaged. Pale grays and dark grays become confused and foggy. Excellent presswork has diminished the bad effects of too much reduction in the Gillis Press book, which is in many features a bit of beautiful workmanship, and contains bits of valuable information.

The *Studio* (New York: John Lane) publishes 'Representative Art of Our Time,' which is to be completed in eight parts. Each part is a large paper-covered folio containing half a dozen plates—original etchings, engravings or woodcuts, and reproductions in color of oil or watercolor paintings, pastels, or chalk drawings. This is a publication with an air of sumptuousness and importance, but little of the work contained in it is really remarkable. "The Bather," an original mezzotint by Marx Pietschmann, is the only plate in the three numbers now before us which we have found at all inspiring. The work is edited by Charles Holme, and each number contains a monograph on some branch of art. Thus, we have had, so far, "The Modern Aspect of Wood-Engraving," by Charles Hiatt; "The Modern Aspect of Artistic Lithography," by Joseph Pennell, and "The Future Development of Oil-Painting," by Percy Bate. The last paper amounts to little more than an admission that we know nothing about its subject, while Mr. Pennell confines himself to a lament that the cost of printing is a severe tax on the artist-lithographers and a discouragement to original effort. Mr. Hiatt takes the ground that the day of wood-engraving as a reproductive art is over, and that this fact is not to be regretted. The future of wood-engraving is with the original artist who executes his own designs, specially made for their adaptability to the art he practises, instead of endeavoring to imitate the quality of designs made in other materials by artists who are not engravers. The same thing might be said, with equal truth, of lithography, mezzotint, etching, or any other of these arts. "Process" has killed them all as popularizers of work in other materials, and they can exist in the future only by virtue of their intrinsic artistic qualities as independent productions.

'Albrecht Dürer,' by Lina Eckenstein, is the latest issue received by us of "The Popular Library of Art" (London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Dutton). The little volume, though not equal in interest to those on Rembrandt and Rossetti, is yet an acceptable addition to the series. The illustrations are good and well chosen, though one misses the "Melencolia."

By his choice of Murillo for treatment by himself, in the Bell-Macmillan "Miniature Series of Painters," the general editor, Dr. Williamson, again marks his preference for sentimental painters of little force. Other recent issues in this series are devoted to Greuze, to Millais, and to England's one draughtsman, Lord Leighton. They are by Harold Armitage, A. L. Baldry, and Dr. Williamson respectively, and conform closely to the uniform method of these useful little books, each containing a chapter on the life of the artist dealt with, a second on his art, and a third on "Our Illustrations," the whole concluded with a list of chief works.

The 'Watteau' of this series, by "Edgcumbe Stanley," has been revised and considerably enlarged, and is now brought out as one of the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" by the same publishers. We are glad to see that the somewhat ludicrous errors in the printing of French words and phrases, which we commented upon, have been corrected.

Mr. Charles Sprague Smith's 'Barbizon Days' (A. Wessels Co.) consists, with the exception of a few pages of personal reminiscence of the village and the neighboring Forest of Fontainebleau, of chapters on the life and work of the four artists, Millet, Corot, Rousseau, and Barye, compiled from various sources, mostly accessible enough, and containing little that is fresh, and next to nothing that could be claimed as original. The book is pleasantly written and quite readable, however, and seems to be accurate. The illustrations are partly from the works of the artists discussed, and partly from photographs of their homes and haunts, and are well executed. Altogether, this survey will be welcomed by many.

Mr. Edwin M. Bacon has no superior in New England guide-book making, and one may confidently accompany him in his 'Literary Pilgrimages in New England' (Silver, Burdett & Co.). Eastern Massachusetts, as the frontispiece map shows, is the principal territory, being that in which our guide is most at home. The "scheme" involves a tutor or mentor and an eager youth, and, if not new, is skilfully managed. The abundant illustrations are nearly all photographic, and all significant—portrait or place. The work, compact with information and much pertinent quotation, may be commended for use in schools as well as by "pilgrims."

Mr. Clifton Johnson, who has cleverly employed his camera in fixing phases of country life at home and abroad, sometimes in books with a text of his own, now trains it on *tableaux vivants* for the illustration of Jacob Abbott's 'Rollo at Work' and 'Rollo at Play,' for school purposes (American Book Co.). Some of the pictures are half-tones, others pen-and-ink sketches upon photographs. The revival is interesting, and is made more so by a brief introduction by Dr. Lyman Abbott, paying

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a filial tribute to his father in all his dealings with children.

William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill., publishes 'The Western Slope,' a book of social and character studies by Mrs. Celia Parker Wooley, whose name is better known in Chicago than in New York and Boston, except as she has been a preacher in Unitarian pulpits and a writer for Unitarian journals. Her 'Western Slope' is the downhill of life (Mrs. Child's 'Looking Towards Sunset'), taking for its starting-point Dante's "Mezzo del cammin di nostra vita." Her lucubrations have a wise and genial character, and are touched with a pleasant humor. The book has the charm of conversation with a highly cultivated and very agreeable person. Its best part is a series of chapters on "The Way We Have Come," religiously, socially, and as concerns the status of women; the third of these chapters being particularly sensible and just.

Prof. Franz Boas continues his record and translation of Indian legends in 'Tsimshian Texts, Nass River Dialect' (Bulletin 27, Bureau of American Ethnology). These stories were collected from four individuals in the latter part of the year 1894. The form of the Bulletin is substantially that employed in the 'Kathlamet Texts,' recently issued; here also the transcription of the Indian sounds is attempted.

Under the title "Italia Artistica" the *Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche* of Bergamo (publishers of the admirable little monthly, *Emporium*) has begun a series of illustrated monographs of Italian cities, under the direction of Sig. Corrado Ricci, director of the galleries of the Brera in Milan. Two volumes have already been issued: 'Ravenna,' by Corrado Ricci, and 'Ferrara e Pomposa,' by Giuseppe Agnelli. In the month of March are promised 'Venezia,' by P. Molmenti; 'Girgenti,' by S. Rocco; 'Segesta e Selinunte,' by E. Manceri, and, we believe, 'Urbino,' by R. Lipparini. In size and get-up they so resemble the series of monographs entitled "Land und Leute," published by Velhagen & Klasing of Leipzig (New York: Lemcke & Büchner), that it is hard to believe they are not modelled upon it. The volumes issued are attractive in appearance, abundantly and well illustrated, and modest in price (frs. 3.50). The name of Sig. Ricci is also an earnest of good work in the text. It were to be wished, however, that to the succeeding volumes an index should be added.

That time proves the worth of a good thing is freshly illustrated by the posthumous success of the late Herman Grimm's thoughtful novel, 'Unüberwindliche Mächte,' the third edition of which has just been brought out by Grimm's literary amanuensis, Prof. Reinhold Steig (Stuttgart: Cotta; New York: Lemcke & Büchner). This novel, which in so striking a manner depicts the influence exerted by American democracy upon a highminded German nobleman, should be of particular interest to American readers on account of the approaching Emerson centennial. For there can be little doubt that one of its characters —the benign, enlightened, optimistic hermit of the Catskill Mountains, "Mr. Willson"—is an adumbration of what Grimm conceived Emerson to be; and it is remarkable how true to life this ideal portrait is.

The Free Religious Association, by the way, of which Emerson was one of the founders, will celebrate the centennial of his birth by devoting the principal session of its annual convention in May to the subject of Emerson's Religious Influence. It will hold an Emerson Memorial School or Conference for three weeks in July, beginning July 13, with morning sessions in Concord and evening sessions in Boston. Concord will celebrate the anniversary for itself on May 25, and Boston the evening previous, under eminent auspices. Finally, for the present, Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston, will bring out in season for the birthday 'The Personality of Emerson,' by Frank B. Sanborn, in a limited edition, with an etched portrait (standing) after David Scott's Edinburgh painting of 1848.

Prof. August Sauer, the well-known literary historian of the German university at Prague, has collected his occasional addresses and essays under the title: "Gesammelte Reden und Aufsätze zur Geschichte der Litteratur in Oesterreich und Deutschland" (Vienna: Carl Fromme). As may be expected from the editor of the works of Grillparzer, he has made this poet the centre of his disquisitions and reflections. There is an oration, delivered at the Grillparzer centennial, which attempts a survey of the whole of the poet's activity; there is a lecture on his relation to Katharine Fröhlich; there are essays on various of his dramas, such as "Medea" and "Libussa," and there are a number of essays on other Austrian writers which bring out all the more clearly the central position of Grillparzer in Austrian literature of the nineteenth century. The whole book is distinguished for its sound and sympathetic attitude, and its entire freedom from captiousness and caprice.

No. 21 of the *Palaestra*, edited by Profs. Alois Brandl and Erich Schmidt, consists of a valuable monograph, by Dr. Karl Detlev Jessen of Harvard University, on 'Heinse's Stellung zur bildenden Kunst' (Berlin: Mayer & Müller), which brings out the curious position of this eighteenth-century novelist and art critic as standing midway between classicism and romanticism. A violent opponent of Winckelmann's apotheosis of Greek art, at the same time an ardent admirer of Lessing's 'Laokoon,' Heinse possessed sufficient breadth of artistic sympathy to become on the one hand one of the first apostles in Germany of impressionism, and of the unbounded expression of the national temper in art; on the other hand, a worshipper of the ideal and the eternally human. We need not be surprised, therefore, that he could do justice to Rubens as well as to Michelangelo, to Raphael as well as to Claude Lorraine. The greatness of Rembrandt, however, seems to have remained hidden from him. It is to be hoped that Dr. Jessen will follow up this interesting study with a complete view of Heinse's life and work.

Mr. Caspar Whitney's *Outing* finished its fortieth volume last September, and now comes to us bound in a spring green. It is a mine of sporting illustration, narrative, and information, from "Women in Athletics" to "Photographing Wild Birds and their Young"; from automobiles to angling and the saving of drowning persons.

In the Harvard College reports of President Eliot and his associates for 1901-02 there is the usual food for reflection and the customary stimulus in presentation. The President's statistical ingenuity is freshly displayed in a computation, for half-a-dozen classes from twenty-five to thirty years out of college, of their reproductive capacity. The result shows that nearly 30 per cent. of the graduates remained unmarried; that their children averaged about two to a pair, and that the male children did not numerically replace the class membership; Harvard could not live by Harvard alone. The materials are now pretty ample for extending this inquiry, both at Harvard and in her sister institutions. We must confine our further selection from this instructive volume to the section in Dean Briggs's report entitled "Lack of Guidance for Freshmen." We quote two sentences: "For a freshman, when he first faces the elective system, the danger of mistakes is grave." "A suggestion to the Faculty that specimen programmes of study might help both students and advisers, found little favor last year in the Faculty as a whole."

—Mr. John Burroughs, in the March *Atlantic*, does a bit of keen-edged reviewing in the field of recent books on Natural History. Ernest Thompson Seton and the Rev. William J. Long are the chief objects of attack, the former mainly for the mingling of fact and fiction with no easily traceable line of demarcation, the latter for crass ignorance of his subject. President Hadley continues his discussion of "Academic Freedom in Theory and Practice." Much friction, he thinks, is traceable to the union of incongruous functions in the American "faculty." He would eliminate ordinary discipline, athletics, intercollegiate relations of undergraduates, etc., by placing all such matters in the hands of a committee chosen either by graduates alone or by students and graduates in unison. Some disentanglement also he would find for the functions of teaching and examination, of prescription of courses and nomination of professors. By development on these lines much trouble might be avoided, but, for the difficulties growing out of the relation to teaching of present or prospective donors, no sure method of avoidance is yet in sight. J. T. Trowbridge's "Own Story" covers in this issue his early years in Boston, and is of great interest. Raymond L. Bridgman pleads earnestly for a "world-legislature" to attend to world-business and promote peace, but his plea will hardly be commended to popular favor by the assertion that a world-judiciary, and in time a world-executive, with adequate means of securing revenue to meet expenses, would naturally follow.

—Mr. John Corbin opens the March *Scribner's* with a plea for the Twentieth Century City. As Mr. James has set the Londoner to discoursing of the richness and color of the atmosphere about him, so may our American cities gain in beauty if some artist will but body forth to our dull eyes the beauties which they already possess. Mr. Corbin makes a telling presentation of much that is beautiful in New York, but is not altogether convincing in his attempted apology for the Flatiron Building. When he asks if it is not true that the treatment is fine, "granting the subject and the proportions," one is reminded of the enthusiastic Texan who set up the claim that his State was just about perfect, "barring the

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lack of water and good society." "Yes," answered a crusty fellow-traveller, "and when you come to think of it, water and good society are about all that is lacking in the infernal regions." Justice Brewer's article on the Supreme Court of the United States is interesting for its indications of the author's point of view on some of our great constitutional problems. For instance: "As one reads some of the propositions which are advanced, he is inclined to believe that the instrument possesses an elasticity which would make the manufacturers of india rubber choke with envy." It might have been more profitable, however, to give a more thorough and systematic presentation of the place of the Supreme Court in our governmental machinery, and its methods of working. The editor contributes a very readable essay on the subject of deafness, its advantages, disadvantages, and obligations. Russell Sturgis takes up again the subject of American pottery, to which he devoted a paper four months ago.

—Abbey and Swinburne once more have the place of honor in *Harper's*, with "King Richard II." as their text. The key to Swinburne's comment on the play is promptly presented in the first sentence: the play discloses a time "when the one unequalled and unapproachable master of the one supreme art which implies and includes the mastery of the one supreme science perceptible and accessible by man, stood hesitating between the impulsive instinct for dramatic poetry . . . and the facile seduction of elegiac and idyllic verse." But Swinburne is fairly out-Swinburned on the next page, where he points out a fault which, "if mortal manhood may venture to pass judgment on immortal godhead, I must say that Shakspere does not seem to me to have seen." It may be questioned whether a less hysterical commentary would not better accompany Mr. Abbey's pictures and contribute more to an intelligent appreciation of Shakspere—if mortal manhood may venture to appreciate, etc. Two papers of antiquarian interest display possibly more enthusiasm than scientific caution—one of them an attempt by Stewart Culin, curator of the Museum of Science and Art, University of Pennsylvania, to support the aggressive title, "America the Cradle of Asia," and the other an account by Giacomo Boni of recent excavations under his direction in the Roman Forum. One can hardly avoid a lively interest in the ardent Director, "underground, following intuitively in the track of Cæsar"; but archæology by intuition needs pretty careful checking up by more material tests. The "real editor" and the occupant of the Easy Chair discourse entertainingly each on a topic supplied by the other. A step further would give us a genuine dialogue between the two, which would certainly form an interesting diversion for this day of literary novelties.

—'The Shroud of Christ' (Dutton) is elaborately discussed in a handsome quarto of 170 pages, from the French of Paul Vignon. Since 1898, when the shroud was exhibited and photographed at Turin, it had been the subject of several French pamphlets and of a larger Italian work by P. G. Sanna Solaro. The cloth may be identical with one mentioned in 1203 as preserved in Constantinople; but its definite history begins in 1353, when Geoffroy of Charny and Champagne, who had been a crusader, gave it to the abbey of Lirey, near Troyes. Skeptical bishops questioned its authenticity, and Clement VII. pronounced it a copy of the original. About 1450 it was given to the Duke of Savoy. In 1532 it was injured by fire at Chambéry. Since 1578 it has been at Turin, locked in a metal casket, and displayed only on great occasions, as seven times in the last century. The Besançon shroud, destroyed in 1794, is believed to have been a mere copy of this. Lacking historical evidence, the value of the Turin cloth could be approximated only by investigation, which first became possible in May, 1898. The prepossession against alleged relics of course weighed with the educated; but "the markings on the shroud were found to have the characteristics of a photographic negative, in that, on the photographic plate, which reverses the lights and shades, a positive portrait revealed itself," such (it was thought) as no mediæval painter could have produced. In 1900 M. Arthur Loth, Laureate of the Academy of Inscriptions, called attention to these facts in a pamphlet, which "the religious world received with reserve, awaiting the decision of science." Historical scholars took up the matter, and the reluctance of physicists, or some of them, was overcome. M. Vignon has now attacked the fortress of our incredulity with a battery of scientific arguments and illustrations from art. He asserts that "the impressions are actual negatives," which "cannot be paintings" nor "have been produced by chemical transformation," and that "the shroud has retained the impression of a human body." He even claims to "show scientifically that the body did not remain enveloped in the shroud more than two or three days." His book deserves the attention—of the curious.

—Sir Wyke Bayliss's 'Likeness of Christ' originally appeared in folio, and included the work of his friend Thomas Heaphy (who died in 1873), in copies of early paintings found in France and Italy and of frescoes in the catacombs, with writings on the topic dear to them both. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. have brought out a "Library Edition, revised and enlarged," with the title 'Rex Regum: A Painter's Study of the Likeness of Christ, from the Time of the Apostles to the Present Day.' This likeness, Sir Wyke insists, has existed from the first century, "has never changed," and was by no means invented, but merely preserved, by the great painters of the Renascence and of modern times. As shown in forty illustrations, it is marked (with some variations, indeed) by long black or dark hair, moderate forehead, oval countenance, large dark eyes, long straight nose, mustache receding from the lip, short beard, and generally sombre expression. Those who limned the Master with golden locks must have been heretics, though Sir Wyke is too kind to say so; there is but one "likeness of Christ," and he believes it "must stand or fall with Christianity." The clergy, holding that it is the things which are unseen that are eternal, incline to lay less stress on any counterfeit presentment; but they are poor judges, for "to the artist the question is more direct and simple than to the theologian." In fact, "'Rex Regum' is more than an argument for the authenticity of the Likeness of Christ—it is a Hymn to Christ." We must take the book, then, as a prolonged devout lyric, free from "the crotchets and quavers" of rhyme and metre.

—'The Principles of English Constitutional History,' by Lucy Dale (Longmans), is a manual of very considerable merit and one which it is a pleasure to praise. Its unusual feature is such an admixture of narrative as serves to explain the constitutional changes described. Too often the writer on constitutional subjects assumes that his undergraduate readers will be quite familiar with the course of current politics, but in a large majority of cases this assumption is quite unwarranted. Mrs. Dale gives us a sketch of English history from the 'Germania' to the Reform Bill, in which the growth of institutions is constantly associated with the progress of events. But while the element of pure narrative is much larger than it is wont to be in such works, the author's grasp of constitutional principles is by no means weakened thereby. One thing, however, we fail to understand. Mrs. Dale says in her preface: "This book, while presupposing a certain knowledge of what are commonly called the facts of English history, deals rather, as its title indicates, with the principles by the light of which alone these facts can really become intelligible." As we have already stated, the essential merit of the treatise seems to be its willingness to set forth environing circumstances where others have taken too much for granted. We can reconcile the passage quoted with our strongest impression only by suggesting that the phrase "a certain knowledge" is somewhat elastic. Mrs. Dale may have come across manuals which presuppose less knowledge of fact than her own, but we, at least, have not seen one. Some further idea of the design may be gathered from a brief statement regarding the arrangement of contents. The Saxon period is dismissed in a single chapter of thirty-two pages, and less than a third of the book has been traversed when we reach the death of Edward I. The central point comes at the accession of Henry VIII., thus giving the Middle Ages less prominence than they usually receive from the disciples of Stubbs. There is a good account of the Puritan Revolution, and the effect of modern conditions on the development of the political organism is also traced with admirable clearness. Our one adverse criticism is that the centuries which precede the Norman Conquest have been treated a little too rapidly. Yet even here there is ample room for difference of opinion. This is a sketch which students will like, and will be able to read with profit by themselves.

BROWNE'S LITERARY HISTORY OF PERSIA.

A Literary History of Persia from the Earliest Times until Firdawsi. By Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. (Library of Literary History.) London: Unwin; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902. Pp. xiv., 522.

Such a book as this must be received with peculiar pleasure. It is, in the first place, another sign of that renaissance in Oriental study which is evidently in progress in England, and in which we so unhappily are having small part. In time, perhaps, the American public will arrive at an

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interest in the literature and history of the East for its own sake. At present, the religious and theological interests are supreme—whether for orthodoxy or for heresy—and no Orientalist can have a hearing, or a sale, until he drags his subject into some Biblical affiliation and catches the ear of the Sunday schools. In England, as was shown by the lamented E. J. W. Gibb's monumental 'History of Ottoman Poetry,' and is further shown by the present work, the case is different. The East is not simply the land of the Bible, or an expository annex to that land; it has meaning and value for itself. Again, this book is unique and refreshing in its point of approach to its subject. One of the most curious results of the theological origin of Oriental studies in Europe lies in the fact that the Arabist, in the rarest of cases, has been a Persianist; and that the Persianist, if possible more rarely, has been an Arabist. All the efforts of Fleischer and the German school, with its trivium of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, have done little to bridge this gap. Persian has gone with Sanskrit; Arabic with Hebrew. In England, especially, students of Persian have been Indianists or Sanskritists; students of Arabic have been either theologians or closely affiliated to theology. Even William Wright, trained in the German schools and with no theological connections, when he went outside of Arabic went into Syriac. The sphere of Persian he freely abandoned to a Sanskritist like Cowell. But in Orientalism, all is topsy-turvydom, and Mr. Browne, the present author, whose professional training was that of a physician and who walked Guy's Hospital in his time, began his Oriental studies with Turkish, made his reputation as the best Persianist in England, and has now attained the official status of a Professor of Arabic.

His place is thus in the little band of men who have turned to the East because they heard it calling and could heed nothing else. Of these, in the last generation in England, was Edward Palmer, the greatest Arabic linguist of his time, who died for the empire at the hands of the Bedawin of Sinai. Such, too, is the present author, Palmer's nearest successor, though not to his chair, and laying his weight in a somewhat different field. As Palmer knew the Arabs, had nighted and dayed among them in the desert, and could play upon them with the magic of their own magical tongue, so Browne knows his Persians, knows them as no Indianist or Sanskritist could, probably as no other European does. He has lived with them and entered with sympathy into the (for us) grotesque fantasies of their religious thought, to him not fantastic or grotesque, but part of the universal cry to the Unknown. He has mastered their language—in this, too, like Palmer—in no mechanical way, but wields it easily with the skill of a Persian secretary. Whatever may be said hereafter by way of Arabic criticism, there can be no question of Mr. Browne's preëminence in knowledge of Persian and the Persians. Above all, he has come to them from the side of Islam, and thus his book, first of its kind, bridges for the West the artificial gap between Arabic and Persian, and shows the Persians, in history and in literature, as standing in the great circle of the Muslim peoples, and drawing a hardly intelligible stimulus and direction from their Arabic-speaking conquerors. That is, of course, the great puzzle of the history of Islam. The Persians, akin to the Greeks in race and language, were left unaffected by the conquests of Alexander and his successors, long as some of these endured, but were moulded permanently by the semi-barbarous hordes from Arabia, preaching, as they did, a doctrine which the Persians have transformed before accepting. But, puzzle or not, the fact stands fast, and it is that fact which is emphasized here.

This, then, is a literary history of Persia as a part of the Muslim world. Persian writings outside of the Persian race, as in India, it disregards; writings by Persians, though not in Persian, it receives. And the approach is on the side of Islam and Arabic, not that of supposed racial or linguistic affinities with India. It recognizes that the means of understanding that literature can be gained only through Arabic; that the student is tenfold better equipped if he have preliminary knowledge on that side rather than on the other, and that when the Persians for some three centuries after the conquest wrote in Arabic, it was still Persian, and living Persian, literature which they were producing. The present volume, therefore, consists frankly of prolegomena—absurdly lengthy, some may think, seeing that the history proper is to be summed in a volume of the same size; really essential, as all qualified know, to any intelligent knowledge which would go beyond belletristic trifling with Sa'di, Hafiz, and Umar Khayyam.

These prolegomena divide into four books. First, of origins, covering to the close of the Achæmenian period, and dealing with such matters as the beginnings and sources of the Persian races, their languages and scripts; the date of the Avesta, and its historical and geographical conditions; the discovery and interpretation of old Persian in cuneiform and in the Avesta; Hyde, Anquetil-Duperron, Grotefend, Burnouf, etc.; a description of the literature, in inscriptions, in the Avesta, in Pahlawi, and of the epic legends. The treatment of all this, though of necessity second-hand, is most excellent and full. Next comes—passing over that singular break stretching from the conquest of Alexander to the fall of the Parthians, B.C. 330-A.D. 226, so strangely fruitless of effects upon Iran—an equally luminous account, evidently more at first hand, from the rise of the Sasanians to the fall of the Umayyads. It covers the historical legends crystallized in the Shahnama and elsewhere, the conception of the divine right of the ruler which produced the great cleft in Islam, the origin of the Manichæans and the Mazdakeans to be thereafter so fruitful, the conquest of al-Yaman by Persia with its consequences, and the overwhelming and undreamt of *débâcle* of the Arab conquest. With this, Islam enters, and the conditions are laid for modern Persia. The Sasanians from henceforth are a vanished memory, and the "Kings of the Sons of Sasan" might as well, as in the 'Arabian Nights,' have lived in China. To understand Persia from this point, we must understand Islam; its threads now join with those of the history of Muslim thought. Here, then, a fresh start has to be made, and Muhammadan history—especially as to formative ideas—sketched in broad outline.

Book three depicts that golden century which formed the first of the Abbasid dynasty, in which the Iranian genius began to recover and came practically to rule, intellectually and politically, the Arab Khalifate. This was the result of the founding of Baghdad and the transfer of the seat of empire to within the Persian sphere. Before us moves the court of al-Ma'mun with its self-conscious "enlightenment"; the Mu'tazilite heresies develop and the orthodox theology forms, the Sufis pass from ascetics to mystics; Persian heresiarchs begin to spring from a fertile soil; above all, the great distinction of Sunnites and Shi'ites is fixed. The early Abbasids had deliberately played off the Persians against the Arabs, and this was their reward. But, so far, the empire had held politically together. The fourth book sketches the decline of the Abbasids which now followed, while the empire crumbled gradually, and it was no longer simply Persian thought which asserted itself, but Persian nationalism as well. Now rise the different families of Alids, the Isma'ilians, the Qarmatians and Fatimids, the Tahirids, Saffarids, Samanids, and Buwayhids. Persia has fully avenged itself. The history reaches to the times of Mahmud of Ghazna, who, though a most orthodox Muslim, gathered at his court a rich circle of poets, Persian now in tongue as well as in heart. This is a bare recital of names, but on Mr. Browne's pages there is a wealth of literary detail, almost too luxuriant for clearness; and the intellectual energy of the period, religious, philosophical, and mystical, fully lives before us. Last comes a short chapter on the literature of Persia in the specific sense, a bibliography, and a most elaborate triple-columned index of twenty-five pages. The second volume, to which this is but an introduction, will bring the literature from the circle of Mahmud of Ghazna to the present day.

A book such as this is, and still more will be, is epoch-making in its class. In no language does its like yet exist, and we shall probably have to look long enough for its successor. In manner and style it is a curious compound of old-fashioned England and modern Germany. It is full of a comfortable leisure; space is of little account, and details, picturesque, but not always exactly relevant, abound. MSS. are precisely described and located, with comments on the relative generosity of their holders; even abandoned theories find hospitable mention. Almost a page is given to the verses which Adam and the Devil are said, in Muslim tradition, to have made, in Syriac, against one another, and several pages to a sketch of the beginnings of Oriental study in Europe. Reading has made Mr. Browne a full man, and he wishes to give us it all. It is not to be wondered at that his publisher was hard to move to two volumes instead of one. Personal details too, are many. The late Professor Cowell is his "dear old teacher"; a page—well merited, but this was not the place—is given to the late Mr. Gibb; more than a page to Mr. Browne's own course of study. The discursive, chatty method which made his 'Year among the Persians' so valuable, here often becomes a burden. But these are truly details, and do not diminish the value of the book.

Other matters are somewhat more serious. Mr. Browne is one of the most accomplished Persianists alive, and on Per-

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sian ground is absolutely at ease. In Arabic it is evidently different. His studies have required of him some knowledge of that language, and that knowledge has gone far enough for him to hold a chair technically of Arabic. But his Arabic, though good and exact, is not broad, and his access to authorities is not easy. The principal historical texts he, of course, uses, but he is evidently not familiar with the more recent investigations in Muslim philosophy and theology. Thus, his general dependence on Steiner for the Mu'tazilites is, at least, astonishing, and to quote Tholuck and Home on al-Ghazzali is to go back several generations. The sketchiness, indeed, of the treatment of so primary and formative a genius as al-Ghazzali is significant for Mr. Browne's philosophical studies in Arabic. Equally significant is his dependence on the laborious but not exactly brilliant or illuminating Dieterici, a man to whom certainly all honor is due as a pioneer. Significant, too, is the respect with which the opinions of Brockelmann are quoted, especially in one passage (p. 358) where that learned bibliographer is gravely bracketed with Goldziher, the greatest authority alive on Muslim literature and thought. On Suflism, on the other hand, Mr. Browne is much more complete and exact, although even here he does not seem to have been in touch with the latest investigations. He recognizes its mingled ascetic and Platonic origin, but on the relationship of these two sources, as it has now been worked out, he is not very clear. At another point, his personal experiences with the Babis have been of much service, and he is prepared to believe that the Isma'ilians and other subterranean heretical sects may have been grossly slandered. There is certainly much, besides analogy, pointing in that direction, and the whole subject of the pursuit of intellectual and religious freedom and advance in Islam could well have been treated at greater length. This holds especially of the Zaydites.

Of direct slips there are few to note. Al-Junayd was much more orthodox than is represented on page 363; the Kitab al-bad' can no longer, as on page 310, be ascribed to an al-Balkhi; *rij'at*, same page, should be *raj'at; muluk at-tawa'if* (p. 79, etc.) is much more "Party Kings," *i. e.*, kings of small districts and petty dynasties, than "Tribal Kings"; *al-Fakhri* is the name of a book and not of its author; the statement (on p. 208) of the transfer of the khalifate from the last Abbasid to the Ottoman Turks is incorrect—it was transferred by inheritance, and not by gift, and the first Ottoman Khalifa was Sulayman the Great, not Selim I.; on page 367, al-Maturidi should be al-Mataridi.

Finally, mention must be made of the exceedingly happy translations which are scattered through the book. Mr. Browne has the knack of turning neat English verses, and is not burdened, like Mr. John Payne and his followers, by any unhappy theory as to the exact reproduction of Oriental metres. Such methods he explicitly rejects. In consequence, his verses have vitality and salt; they run easily upon the tongue and carry atmosphere with them. That they are often free is unavoidable. Oriental prose can be rendered literally; Oriental verse never.

A wholly admirable second volume may be confidently looked for; in it Mr. Browne will be on ground which he knows absolutely.

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.

Professor Münsterberg of Harvard University, at a meeting of the Boston Authors' Club lately, is said to have met the assertion that all literature was tending toward the form of prose fiction, by the answer that Germany had already gone through that period, and was distinctly entering upon the dramatic form in the works of Sudermann and others. This time has certainly not yet arrived in our country, but any one who observes new books must notice the steady increase of published plays and tragedies, which are, or aim to be, within the domain of literature. Many instances might be cited. Among the more recent are "Maximilian: A Play in Five Acts," by Edgar Lee Masters (Boston: Badger); "Jonathan: A Tragedy," by Thomas Ewing, jr. (Funk & Wagnalls); "Ralegh in Guiana; Rosamond, and a Christmas Masque," by Barrett Wendell (Scribners). In the same way, Miss Anna Olcott Commelin gives us "Atala: An American Idyl" (Dutton), a poetic dramatization of the celebrated work of Chateaubriand. No one of these can claim positive dramatic merit, and only Professor Wendell's can be said to have literary merit; while even this, though by a highly cultivated man, is on the whole rather academic in character than otherwise. To these must, however, be added a volume of higher claims than either, containing three dramas—"Pontius Pilate, Saint Ronan of Brittany, and Théophile: Three Plays in Verse," by Henry Copley Greene (Scott-Thaw Company). Of these dramas, the first two seem a little experimental, as if the author were not quite sure of his ground; but the third, from beginning to end, shows grasp, power, dramatic beauty, and the mediæval spirit; and withal it has stood admirably the test of actual performance, at least by amateurs. Under these last conditions, it may truly be said to have given as effectually a new sensation to all who beheld it as was produced by the Morality Play of the Elizabethan Company which has recently been among us. Mr. Greene's play is happily illustrated in this volume by a frontispiece by Cecilia Beaux, who has thrown into her figures in its full force the intense power of the original conceptions. The appearance of this drama alone would be enough to prove that in America, as in Germany, the exclusive reign of prose fiction is past.

It is always difficult for foreigners to comprehend how easily the literary habit in America, like all other habits, may be simply one manifestation of the overflow of versatile minds. Mr. T. S. Denison, a well-known Chicago publisher, has personally produced thirty-six plays, all of which must have been acted, for his list of them gives precisely the number of minutes occupied by each. Of these plays collectively, nearly half a million have been sold. He has also written and published two novels, each of which has reached a fourth edition, and now issues a volume of poems called 'The Old Schoolhouse, and Other Poems and Conceits in Verse.' Of these he says in his preface:

"They are part of the bric-à-brac accumulated in my intellectual workshop during twenty-five years. Not knowing what else to do with them, I cast them forth on the sea of print as a mother bird casts her fledglings from the nest. Some of them, like 'Hasten, Love, Hasten,' are poetry; others, like 'The Ibis,' merely rhymes. If I were to indulge any regret concerning their publication, it would be that not more of them are poetry."

This last regret is one which critics may generally be relied upon to share, and in no way can an author do more favor than to indicate which of his works best fulfils his own standard of excellence. We hasten, therefore, to give a verse selected by himself in Mr. Denison's circular, and presumably his most approved (p. 59):

"I've built thee a bower 'mid roses and vines,
Where each fragrant hour to love lore inclines;
The south wind is blowing, the rose is aglow,
Oh, hasten, love, hasten, thy coming is slow."

It is certain that this can scarcely be criticised as placing the author's standard of execution unreasonably high.

A poet seldom risks more than when he selects from his volumes the technically sacred poems, and prints them separately. The rhymes of faith which add greatly to the effect of a miscellaneous volume, are apt to seem weak and monotonous when put off by themselves. This ground for criticism we find in Mr. Louis Alexander Robertson's 'Cloistral Strains' (San Francisco: Robertson)—a little volume which seems to need, if the phrase be not thought self-contradictory, his previous poem of the "Dead Calypso" to give it life. Or perhaps another new volume by him, 'Beyond the Requiems, and Other Verses' (same publisher), is relied upon to restore the balance. At any rate, a single poem of this last work, called "A Rhyme of the Redeemed" (p. 30), vindicates the essential tone of this author; and the modesty of his prelude to the volume vindicates the whole of it. It is thus (p. 9):

THE SHRINE OF SONG.

In mute amazement oft I pause before
The *portals of Song's shrine*, and list to those
Whose music from its classic cloisters flows
Adown the tide of Time for evermore.
I see the place that no man may explore,
Save him whose Art its life to Genius owes,
On whose rapt lips the sacred cinder glows
That teaches Song's sweet shibboleth and lore.

Ah, it were heaven to enter in and kneel
In some dim aisle, unnoticed and apart,
With thirsting soul to drink the sounds that shame
My songs to silence; then to rise and feel
That my untutored lips had learnt the art
That seats the singer in the House of Fame!

Perhaps no American poet puzzles a conscientious and kindly critic more than the Rev. James Vila Blake of Chicago, who prints in that city and publishes in Boston a volume, called simply 'Sonnets,' which includes no less than 150 of such productions, whereas even Shakspere was content with 154, and might well have spared a dozen or so of those. Not content with this, the Chicago poet offers fifty-one "Cameos" of nine lines each, and ends with four pages of notes, giving the names of thirty-four different ladies to whom individual poems are dedicated. He tells one of these ladies that the "courage of conviction, of thought, and of choice of a church, is no small valor," which looks as if this lady might be his latest convert. All this as a bit of autobiography may be suitable enough, and Mr. Blake can write simply and wisely like this (Cameo XX.):

My simple verse, I do admire
Your harmonies, your gentle fire
Of happiness, your love entire.
Ye make a chambered glow for me
In which I walk about with you:
So I am never out of view

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Of Light, though dark around it be.
Ye spare me tumult and desire,
And mad flame of ambition dire.

But how unlike is the simplicity of these lines to the feebly fantastic qualities of a sonnet like this (lxxxvi.):

Juno, Olympian Queen, to Iris, said,
"Dispatch ye now the circling world to scan;
Find me three maids so cold and nunnery-bred
Their bosoms have not brooked one thought of man."
Down on his opal wings of changing hue
Dropped Iris; but he sought the maids in vain,
All corners rummaging; then up he flew
And stood before the spouse of Jove again.
"What! Not found one?" quoth Juno with knit brow.
"Have patience, Queen of Heaven, I heard of three;
But Pluto seized them first and has them now."
"What! Pluto? Pluto hunting prudes?" quoth she;
"And pray for what? Are they Tartarean houris?"
"He wished them, Madam," Iris said, "for furies."

Of the two new volumes before us by Mr. Madison Cawein, 'Kentucky Poems' (Dutton) and 'A Voice on the Wind, and Other Poems' (Louisville: Morton), the one has an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and the other has in turn a dedication to him. Whether this is to be the alternation in future of Mr. Cawein's always profuse volumes, is yet to be seen. Mr. Gosse's introduction begins by speaking of "that graceful and somewhat academic school of poets who ruled American literature so long from the shores of Massachusetts." It would be difficult, perhaps, to reason seriously with the critic who can find nothing but "grace" in Emerson and nothing that is not "academic" in Whittier. Then he goes on, after the practice of the secondary class of English journalists, to reproach America for liking what he calls humorous verse, "which is mainly in fashion on the western side of the Atlantic." He finds it convenient to overlook the fact that it is not in America, but in England, that such verse, however readily it may be produced here, comes to the dignity of being "in fashion." Every American, when he goes to England, hears jokers and doggerel-makers quoted of whom he never heard at home, just as he is offered so-called American drinks whose names were never known in this country. Mr. Gosse further complains that "this is not a moment when serious poetry, of any species, is flourishing in the United States," and ignores the fact that he himself has had to spend most of the last dozen years in importing it from other countries even into England. He is simply quarrelling with that ebb and flow of the tides for which the only remedy is patience and good sense.

As a matter of fact, all that American criticism has ever done in respect to Mr. Cawein has been to urge upon him, in spite of the compliments always paid him by Mr. Howells, a little more moderation of epithet and a little more patience in execution, as he approaches maturity of years. When one compares, for instance, the admiration with which Mr. Lanier's poems, in spite of their exuberance, have been received by American critics, it must be owned that they are not wholly unreasonable in imploring Mr. Cawein—who is, if we mistake not, drawing near the age at which Lanier died—to show something of that capacity for growth which marked his more highly gifted predecessor. It is fair to claim that their remonstrances have not been wholly unavailing, and that he is now at last beginning to exhibit what even Mr. Howells guardedly calls "his increasing control of his affluent imagery," and may in time outlive his more ardent admirers and do something worth preserving. We honestly wish it might be so, for we never open one of his books without admiration for his minute study of nature, commonly spoiled in its rendering, at least up to this time, by an immense exuberance of adjectives. The following poem, from 'A Voice on the Wind,' gives him at his best (p. 63):

THE END OF SUMMER.

Pods are the poppies, and slim spires of pods
The hollyhocks; the balsam's pearly bredes
Of rose-stained snow are little sacs of seeds
Collapsing at a touch; the lote, that sods
The pond with green, has changed its flowers to rods
And discs of vesicles; and all the weeds,
Around the sleepy water and its reeds,
Are one white smoke of seeded silk that nods.
Summer is dead, ay me! sweet Summer's dead!
The sunset clouds have built her funeral pyre,
Through which, e'en now, runs subterranean fire:
While from the East, as from a garden bed,
Mist-vined, the Dusk lifts her broad moon, like some
Great golden melon—saying, "Fall has come."

We have hitherto had occasion to find promise in the earlier productions of Mr. George Cabot Lodge, whose volume of 'Poems' (Cameron, Blake & Co.) is now before us; but we regret to find that this author, although thirty years old and eight years out of college, still lingers in the sophomoric period. There are dashes of serious thought and of poetic expression, and there is certainly quite enough in the way of semi-turbulent passion, half sense and half sentiment; but we find no signs of condensed power or the brevity that deep feeling gives. He still seeks new and yet inexpressive epithets—"the chuckling tide" (p. 40), "desirous tears" (p. 55), "the wondering-up of love" (p. 83). It is to be feared that we must look to some high purpose or deep and genuine grief to bring him to maturity. These verses are a favorable selection, yet note the turgid phrases, the cheap alliterations (p. 54):

ODE TO THE SEA.

Lure me, O musical motions of the sea.
Thou of the cosmic heart most mighty mood!
And breathe beside me once again, O ye
Intimate whispers of the outlawed wind!
And grant, O Earth of long maternity,
While dawn grows golden like an infant God
Who walks the young world's twilight nude and free,
Thy latest child the rest he cannot find!

Still as I sought thee soul and flesh were fain!
Before the flower of sunset, one by one,
Scattered its petals like a golden rain,
Before the twilight clear as amethyst
Covered my lidless eyes, within my brain
Seemed, in the lasting silence of the sun,
All life as interludes of uttered pain
That scar the lips of Heaven's mute Agonist!

I am the heir to Time's exceeding dower:
Ease me, thou minstrel of the changeless theme!
Now while the midnight yields the mystic flower
Of moondawn, violent as a sanguine stain,
Like love's desire that in night's loneliest hour
Dawns thro' the empty twilight of a dream;
Mend with thy music-threads of faith and power
Life's raiment ruinous with surmise and pain!

A beautifully printed book from Updike's Merrymount Press, Boston, and published by the Pafraets Book Company, Troy, N. Y., is a collection of versions from a great variety of languages, including the Oriental, under the title of 'Flowers of Song from Many Lands,' translated by Frederic Rowland Marvin. Such great variety itself rather tends to scatter attention than to command it, and we find no striking evidence of ability in use of language on the part of the translator. Nothing in this handsome volume interests us so much, on the whole, as the little collection of Sun-Dial Mottoes from Southern Europe, such as these (p. 137):

Afflictis lentae, celeres gaudentibus horae.
Motto on a Sun-dial at Courmayeur in the Valley of Aosta.

Felicibus brevis, miseris hora longa.
Motto on a Sun-dial at Martigny.

Maestis lentae, celeres gaudentibus horae.
Motto on a Sun-dial near Padua.

Mr. Rossiter Johnson, who has always been in literature a faithful and high-minded but not always inspired workman, is, in his 'Morning Lights and Evening Shadows' (The Marion Press), perhaps, at his best in the very shortest of his poems, which yet has in it wisdom enough for a dozen (p. 108):

GREAT AND SMALL.

Our lives are little, but our times are great.
We come, we see, we linger, and we pass;
Weave but a single thread in web of state,
Or give the field a single spear of grass.
We are too often like a boyish class,
Where each one stumbles through his dozen lines,
And looks bewildered at the stubborn mass
Of foreign words and intricate designs,—
But lo! when all is done, through all an Iliad shines.

Miss Edith M. Thomas, so long a resident of Ohio, but now of New York, has suffered a little of that loss so apt to come to those drawn by powerful attraction to the metropolis; or else she is one of the many in whom genius is powerfully enough developed to command attention, but not quite sufficiently so to hold it. In her volume, 'The Dancers, and Other Legends and Lyrics' (Boston: Badger), her two final poems, "The Mistakes of a Day" and "Shield Me, Dark Nurse," betray perhaps some consciousness of this; and one turns to the graceful verses "Is It Spring Again in Ohio?" for a little relief from the sadder strain. The poem which, however, to our thinking, shows most of the author's old power, is one whose mere title is a song by itself (p. 35):

THE WOLVES OF THE WIND—A BURDEN OF THE SEASON.

Bare are my walls, and low is my roof,
Yet, heaven be praised! they are winter-proof!
Hark, how the wolves of the wind rush by!
(Was the sound I heard a human cry?)

The fire on my hearth is blazing bright,
Within is cheer, without is the Night
Blanching with fear from earth to sky—
Hark, how the wolves of the wind rush by!

They are swift, they are fell, and they never tire,
But they shun the light of my blazing fire,
So blest is my portion, so safe am I.
(Was the sound I heard a human cry?)

They have broken the leash that held them back,
And the whole world dreads the fierce, wild pack!
To shelter, to shelter, let all things fly—
Hark, how the wolves of the wind rush by!

Matters not where, the heath, or the town,
Whatever they meet they're trampling down:
And the veins of the victim they're draining dry!
(Was the sound I heard a human cry?)

The sound, too plain it rises again,
The myriad wailing of outcast men:
In the path of the pack they stricken lie—
Hark, how the wolves of the wind rush by!

'North Flowers: A Few Poems, by Wendell Phillips Stafford' (St. Johnsbury, Vt.), truly describes itself; the product is but scanty. The author, not unknown to readers of the *Atlantic* and the *Green Bag*, now elevated to the Supreme Bench of his native State, perhaps would signify by this volume the close of his poetic diversion. Hence a greater inclusion than if his muse looked forward confidently to fresh inspiration and activity. There is much here that is singable; more, of better quality and deep feeling, expressive of affection for home and kindred. The division "Pastime" exhibits some charming and some effective legal humor, and good epigrams are not wanting. It is, however, in elegiac verse that Judge Stafford reaches his true level—in the memorial tribute to his great namesake, and in the stanzas on "The Republic," evoked by the Chicago Exposition. It is hard to choose between these lofty and admirably sustained poems, but

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we will quote from the latter as less well known:

"Her hands are clasped across her knees,
Around her rise the hymns of peace;
She hears them not—upon her ears
The storms of battle swell and cease.

"The saviours of her doubtful day
Are with her in her dreams, and they
That lacked the sinews, not the will,
To wrench her sceptre-staff away.

"(Slowly her strength the Titan learns,
Dimly her dawning fate discerns;
She was conceived in strife, and still
The birthmark on her forehead burns.)

. . . . . .

"She hears, and smiles in slow surprise;
Her limbs to awful stature rise;
The sunlight trembles in her hair,
And all the future fills her eyes."

CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE.

The Orders of Architecture—Greek, Roman, and Italian: A Selection of Examples from Normand's "Parallel" and Other Authorities, with Notes on the Origin and Development of the Classic Orders, and Descriptions of the Plates. By R. Phené Spiers. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Architecture of Greece and Rome: A Sketch of its Historic Development. By the late William J. Anderson and R. Phené Spiers. 179 illustrations. London: Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xvii., 300.

Mr. Spiers is very widely known among all who use English books on architecture, because of his labors in reissuing, with important additions and notable changes, Fergusson's 'History of Architecture,' John Murray's edition of 1893. Of this work the two volumes which are much the most widely known, and which constitute the 'History of Ancient and Mediæval Architecture,' were indeed so recast by Mr. Spiers that Fergusson would not have known them. The editor's services in contributing a new chapter on Byzantine art, and in making the changes, often very much needed, in the assertions of the original book concerning Classical, Assyrian, and Judaic architecture, are all of incalculable value. He is known, moreover, as the director of the Architectural School of the Royal Academy and as extremely active in the matters of the Architectural Association of London and the Royal Institute of British Architects. That work of his which is most accessible to Americans is contained in his articles contributed to the 'Dictionary of Architecture and Building,' extremely thorough and minute. In the preparation of an exhaustive book on the Grecian and Græco-Roman orders the work of no writer would be more welcome than his. The subject has not been treated yet in a completely satisfactory way. If then the orders of the Renaissance and Post-Renaissance periods are also to be studied in connection with those of antiquity, there is much waiting to be done. The first book before us seems to undertake this comparison, as well as comparative treatment of different examples of each order; but it is not so complete a work as that which we have imagined.

Speaking, then, of what it is: there are twenty-six plates, of which one gives profiles of a number of Greek capitals and mouldings, and two give drawings of ornament, the one of Greek, the other of Roman examples—drawings in outline only, and often not refined in the handling, therefore, leaving in doubt the exact curvature of scrolls and sprays; nor of very complete rendering. Indeed, they frequently leave doubtful the question whether the ornament shown is in high or low relief, or with parts of it relieved much more than others. There is one plate containing an interesting comparison of the Greek Doric order, the Roman Doric, the Greek Ionic and the Roman Corinthian orders, but it may be misleading to the beginner to see them all uniform in actual height, thus making the Grecian Doric look much the most massive on account of its proportions, and ignoring the fact that the Roman Corinthian was frequently carried out on a much larger scale. In like manner, the student is vexed with the displaying of three Ionic examples in Plate VI. and five Doric examples in Plate II., with continually varying scales. It would surely be worth some effort to show (Plate VI.), by actual comparison of the three buildings side by side, that the temple on the Ilissus in Athens is a little thing with columns much less than half as great in their lower diameter as in the temple of Minerva Polias at Priene. The scales are there, to be sure—the thirty feet of the Priene scale equivalent to only ten feet in the Athens scale; but one of the important things to insist upon in these matters is the curious fact that Græco-Roman architecture almost invariably followed its proportions boldly without attempt at modification in consequence of size, the absolutely inevitable narrower spacing of the columns being almost the only distinction made between the gigantic Temple of the Sun and a little temple like the smallest of those at Pæstum. So, in Plate IV., the Doric order of the Theatre of Marcellus is taken from Normand, and nothing is suggested of the alleged recent discovery of a base to these columns, the more to be regretted as it has always been a surprise to students that that building should have been built as it was supposed to have been built, without bases.

The text is full of interest, and relates to the origin and development of the classical orders in the way that we have said is so much needed; but it seems not to have been treated carefully. Revision would have suggested to the author that, if the corner columns in a Doric temple are nearer to their next neighbors than the other columns are one to another, there is reason for this besides the desire of making the metopes square. It is of doubtful propriety to speak of the mutules as "slabs" when they are merely in slight relief from the surface of the large block of stone and are not separate pieces. The famous acroterium disk of the Hera temple at Olympia is not "semi-circular," because, as truly stated in the next line, its soffit or lower bed corresponds to the double slope of the raking cornice above the pediment. What can be meant by the saying (page 4) that the rules spoken of as invariable, *e. g.*, that the angle column is set closer to make the metope square, as above stated, has some "exceptions which prove the rule"? The exceptions are named, and in those the metopes nearest the corner are not square; but does that or any other exception "prove the rule"?

It was quite time that a book should appear, giving a popular and also trustworthy account of the architecture which is most near, in respect and in sympathy, to our modern communities. And it was desirable that such a book should have but little strongly held theory—should have but little to prove. There is interest enough in the clear statement of those long-held beliefs and those discoveries of recent times upon which all scholars are agreed; there is novelty enough in the setting forth of those revised and more exact views of the great arts of antiquity, without the urging of any opinion, or even of any conjecture, for which argument or elaborate demonstration would be needed. Such a book is the second whose title is given at the head of this article; and it is important to the beginner in this study that there is here no attempt to urge unduly either the theory now much held that Græco-Roman art is one, and to be treated as one, or the contrary theory that the building of the imperial times was faulty and tasteless in that its chief architectural decoration was a contradiction of the real structure, and that it is in this way far enough from being a natural evolution of the art of Greece. Each of these theories is tenable for awhile; and the question which of them shall prevail in the mind of any one student is very much a question of temperament. On all accounts, then, it is well that it should not be raised while one pursues his preliminary inquiry; and in like manner it is best not to spend too much time over the tempting, because insoluble, mystery—whence came the solid mortar-masonry of the Roman engineers? Now the present work, while suggesting the existence of this and other such questions, does not insist upon them. Chapter i. deals with the Mycenæan age; chapters ii. and iii. with the archaic period; chapter iv. with "The Culmination in Athens"; chapters v., vi., and vii. with further considerations and with the later work of Greece. Of the matter so presented, about half is announced as the work of William Anderson, who died some four years ago. There is then a chapter on Etruscan building, and thereafter, occupying just one-half the volume and six chapters, follows the account of Roman work, given with but little historical sequence, and with almost a wholly analytical treatment. There is a brief glossary of terms, a list of selected books relating to the subject in hand, and an index occupying twelve pages.

The illustrations to the book are in part photographic prints; and, for some of the inserted plates, care has been taken to point out separate buildings or details by means of reference letters or separate printed indications at head and foot. About half of the illustrations are line-cuts scattered through the text. If the general subject of all the pictures be considered, it appears that there are very many useful plans, some of them quite inaccessible to the public, like those (pp. 91, 93) of the Artemis Temple at Ephesus, as restored by Dr. A. S. Murray, or like the very large plan of the buildings on the Palatine Hill as inferred and imagined by Mr. Deglane, and the more trustworthy plan of the Forum at Rome by A. F. V. Dutert. Views taken by the camera are naturally less available in an inquiry directed in the main toward dismantled or wholly ruined buildings; but there are still interesting pictures of Roman work, as of the memorial arches, and of many details of sculpture,

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as also of rooms in the house of Vettius at Pompeii.

As to the general value of the work, it is perhaps to be pronounced that of one full of knowledge, but not carefully prepared nor put into perfect shape. The importance of the book is in that part of it which belongs to Mr. Spiers—so much is evident enough; but this work seems to have been done in the easy manner and with that indifference to form not unnatural to a scholar well versed in the subject, and well decided to do the immediate work of composition in the most prompt and familiar way. No pains have been taken to avoid repetition; little success has been reached in the ordering of the subject; the scraps of historical record which are scattered through the text do not come in apropos; the work is, in short, a somewhat inadequate result of the use of excellent and ample materials. In the present condition of our libraries, devoid of a satisfactory book containing the latest discoveries and the latest conclusions of those who have made a special study of classical art, this one is essential to every student; but it is greatly to be desired that it should be put into more agreeable and especially more convincing form. More directness of statement; more consideration, as one part of the subject is unrolled, of that which has been said of other parts of the same subject—were these things secured, the book would be one not easy to supersede.

Fishing and Shooting. By Sidney Buxton, M. P. With illustrations by Archibald Thorburn and from prints. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

We have here a volume primarily for the entertainment of the sportsman, not for his instruction. Mr. Buxton leaves the would-be sportsman to learn how to use his rod or gun elsewhere, so far as technical instruction is concerned. We find no rules for fly casting, with the regulation cuts of the angler in various impossible attitudes at the different stages of his cast; no chapter on amateur fly tying, with endless lists of White Millers, Jock Scotts, Brown Hackles, Seth Greens, Silver Doctors, Yellow Sallys, etc.; no scientific demonstration of the superiority of a Sproat or a Limerick over a Kirby or Carlisle. This kind reserve bespeaks the reader's gratitude. One does not learn to angle in that way, and such discussions are not particularly interesting simply as literature. As to gunning, Mr. Buxton does essay a few pages of formulated advice, but the note of jocular insincerity which one soon detects in the advice itself is confirmed by the immediately following injunction to "chuck it away out of the window, clear your mind and brain of all rules, and shoot as seems best to you."

It must be said that our author rides overhard the hobby of "dry-fly fishing." Angling has always been a prey to hobbies. It has its fads of individual anglers, its fads of groups, its fads of locality, and its fads of times and seasons. One does well to listen with reserve to any adviser who cannot see the sport out from under the shadow of some one or more of these fads. Mr. Buxton also presses unduly the method of "fishing *at* a fish" which you have previously located and "stalked," as against that of "fishing *for* a fish," which may be somewhere near the spot where you drop your fly, and again may not. Every man to his own taste, but the acme of enjoyment in the streams and woods is to the eclectic, not to the rigid adherent of a method.

We are sorry to say that the book shows traces of weakness as to the ethics of sport. Excessive slaughter is condemned in words, but at the same time Mr. Buxton boasts once and again of a single day's record in his own experience of fifty trout, each weighing over one pound, "besides many others under a pound." If an angler of the highest type, in a moment of weakness, should be led by unlooked-for success into making such a haul, he would seek to hide the fact from others rather than to publish it. Again, Mr. Buxton is rather inclined to apologize for his best day at pike fishing, landing only thirteen, "the three largest being fourteen pounds, twelve pounds, and ten pounds, respectively." Commend us rather to the American angler who crossed a large portion of the continent for the experience of landing a tuna, and, after securing one fine specimen, his first strike, took his rod apart and went ashore while the fish were still actively feeding.

In shooting, too, Mr. Buxton greatly prefers "the blessed system of driving," which we can hardly allow to be the highest ideal of healthful and manly sport. It is one thing to take a pair of guns, with a hired assistant to carry and load them for you, ensconce yourself in a fixed position, "cartridges and paraphernalia conveniently disposed, sods altered, foothold trodden level," and then wait for the birds to be beaten up and sent flying over the guns by still other hired assistants: it is quite another thing to shoulder your gun some autumn morning and spend a fine day in tramping over the fields and woodlands—happy in any case, and only more so if the game-bag come back not entirely empty. If the latter be not considered the better, so much the worse for the man behind the gun.

We are told, to be sure, that the rough day in the west of Scotland is the most delightful of all, but the genuineness of the sentiment is ill supported by the general tenor of the volume. Perhaps the author's temperament, whatever his theory may be, does not incline him to methods which require too much physical activity. The illustrations with which he has chosen to adorn his book are on the whole rather suggestive of what some would call "kid-glove" sportsmanship. One would like to guide him along the trail of some nameless little trout brook through the mazes of a Michigan cedar swamp, where the best holes are sometimes to be reached only by perching yourself upon the slippery trunk of a fallen tree ten feet or more above the water, or by tearing your way through pathless acres of prickly raspberry bushes, often higher than your head, too dense for the ground to be seen, and concealing every few feet some fallen log, woodchuck hole, or other trap for the unwary.

Mr. Buxton has an undisguised preference for the rod over the gun. He is perhaps not far from right when he attributes the zest for shooting largely to "the aboriginal killing instinct." There can be no question that the amount of suffering produced by the gun is many times greater than that for which the rod is responsible. The wounded bird or animal very frequently escapes in such condition as to insure a lingering and painful death, while the fish so hooked as to permit escape is but rarely injured to any fatal or seriously painful degree. Many an angler has had the same indubitable evidence which Mr. Buxton cites, that a fish may break off one hook in his mouth, go to feeding again immediately, and within a few minutes be taken upon another. If the broken hook were seriously painful, the fish would, of course, cease feeding for the time. Such cases are also pretty good evidence that the sense of extreme fright which it is generally assumed that the fish experiences on being hooked, is somewhat overestimated.

In its literary quality, Mr. Buxton's book is somewhat uneven. There are fragments of description in it which are finely done, and in general he can put his thoughts in a straightforward and effective way; yet he is capable of saying "A heavy up-stream gusty or cross-stream wind tells against accuracy of casting, and are better away." Again, we are told of a bird which "falls, twisting round and round, shot through the brain, into the rhododendrons." We should like to see a score of average school children asked to hazard a definition of the word *rhododendrons* on the basis of that sentence. It reminds one of Thoreau's "natural pasture for the moose and deer, exceedingly wild and desolate, with occasional strips of timber crossing them." Externally, the light weight of the volume, in proportion to bulk, makes it easy to handle, and the green buckram binding, with appropriate gilt designs of natural and artificial flies, game birds, trout, etc., is pleasant to the eye. The text is clearly and attractively printed, and typographical errors have been almost wholly eliminated; "sense" for tense, on page 109, being the only such error we have noted. On the whole, Mr. Buxton has written a readable volume, fairly representative, no doubt, of the British sportsman, but with none of that delightful seasoning which one finds in such books as 'Fisherman's Luck' or 'Little Rivers.'

Gardens Old and New: The Country House and its Garden Environment. Vol. II. London: Newnes; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902. Pp. xli., 284.

About a year ago we printed a notice of the first volume of this admirably illustrated work. A second volume is now at hand, and indeed, considering their origin, there is no reason why volume should not succeed volume annually as long as that entertaining English weekly, *Country Life*, continues its present course. The chief article of that paper is usually devoted to a country house and its gardens. A profusion of excellent photographs, reproduced with the utmost skill by the half-tone process, characterizes these articles. From the wealth of material thus accumulated, it is no difficult task to select a series of views representing in delightful fashion the garden art of the land where that art reaches its most interesting development—where, though its form is less stately than in Italy and less grandiose than in France, it nevertheless has a personal and intimate charm lacking in other lands. To have placed before us, week by week and year by year,

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all that is best of this art, whether it be new or old, is a privilege of which Americans in increasing numbers avail themselves; but the finding of an article on a given garden among the old issues of a weekly magazine is no light task, and therefore the gardens are doubly welcome when bound by themselves and separated from race horses, society dames, and automobiles, the photographs of which accompany them in the original publication.

The present volume, though particularly rich in ancient houses and gardens, is not without excellent examples of very recent work in both. Munstead Wood, near Godalming, the residence of Miss Gertrude Jekyll, shows the combination of her own skill as a garden artist with that of Mr. Lutyens, the architect of her house. The garden has a natural character, containing some features of stone work consonant with the architecture, but the whole is dependent for its greatest charm upon the skilful and abundant use of hardy plants. This garden, which for the larger part existed before the house, is familiar to the readers of Miss Jekyll's books. In it she has put into execution her ideas of good gardening, and from it she has learned the many lessons that she in turn offers so freely to her readers.

Among old houses none can exceed in picturesqueness Compton Wynyates in Warwickshire. But it is not alone the irregular, towering, castellated masses of the house which give to Compton Wynyates its unique charm. The gardens in loveliness, in radiance, in appropriateness, form so excellent a setting to the old mansion that one is constrained to yield them a large share of his admiration. About the old moat extend great masses of those tall, hardy flowers that give the note of distinction to much of our modern gardening. There is little formalism in the arrangement, but a few hedges and solemn yews serve to unite the old garden with the new. Peace and repose invest the ancient abode as it lies in its wood-encircled cup.

To speak of even a tithe of the stately mansions which this book presents would lead us beyond our limits. Suffice it to say that the standard of the earlier volume is maintained in all ways, and, surprising as it may seem, the wealth of gardens of the highest interest seems as yet to show not the slightest sign of exhaustion.

Mutual Aid: A Factor of Evolution. By P. Kropotkin. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

Two aspects of animal life have so impressed Prince Kropotkin as to lead him to offer this criticism of the Darwinian theory of natural selection. While journeying in Siberia, he observed that the struggle for existence against inclement nature was very severe; but he observed also that, among animals belonging to the same species, there was no such bitter struggle as the followers of Darwin considered to be the main factor in evolution. On the contrary, he saw that mutual aid and mutual support constituted a feature of the greatest importance for the maintenance of life, the preservation of each species, and its further evolution.

Other observers, it is true, have remarked the existence of love, sympathy, and self-sacrifice among animals, but it seems there is a feeling wider than this: the consciousness, among men, of human solidarity, to which the social instinct among other animals corresponds. Darwin indeed pointed out how, in numberless animal societies, the struggle between separate individuals for the means of existence disappears; how *struggle* is replaced by *co-operation*. He asserted positively that "those communities which included the greatest number of the most sympathetic members would flourish best, and rear the greatest number of offspring." But this view was obscured by Darwin's devotion to the gathering of evidence illustrating the consequences of a real competition for life, while Huxley and others, bettering their master, represented the animal world as on about the same level as a gladiator's show: "the spectator has no need to turn his thumb down, as no quarter is given."

Some allowance must be made for the ferocity of Huxley's dialectic, and no one seriously denies that in families, and even in larger communities of the same species, mutual aid is essential to life. But the earlier social unions of men seem to have been formed for defence and for attack—in short, to oppose and even to exterminate members of the species outside of these unions. Nor does it admit of denial that, even within a community, there will be strife where food is insufficient; if some must starve, it will generally be the weaker rather than the stronger. No doubt there are exceptions, and the author makes the most of them, but he is reduced in the end to the bald assertion that those who survive a famine or an epidemic are neither the strongest, nor the healthiest, nor the most intelligent. This appears to us both untrue and irrelevant.

The custom prevailing among certain savage tribes of killing old and decrepit members is explained as an amiable compliance with the generous anxiety of these cumberers of the earth to relieve the community of the burden of their support. This explanation does not fit the case of infanticide; but we are told that great reluctance to resort to this practice is often displayed. This may be conceded, but it also is irrelevant. In fact, we cannot consider the reasoning in the book as meeting the demands of a scientific presentation of evolutionary theory. Nevertheless, the facts collected are very well stated and make interesting reading. Comparatively little is told of mutual aid among the lower animals, but cooperation among savages is fully illustrated, and the mediæval guilds and modern trade and labor unions receive ample notice. It may at least be said that this aspect of human evolution deserves the recognition which it here receives, as contrasting agreeably with the harsher features of competition.

The Harmonics of Aristoxenus. Edited by Henry S. Macran. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1902.

This book contains, beside the text of Aristoxenus, an introduction, an English translation, notes, and an index. The text shows careful editing, and the notes are scholarlike, in spite of an unfortunate bias against Marquard and Westphal, to whom our editor is sometimes positively disrespectful. The translation is pleasant to read; but it is, now and then, more properly a paraphrase. This, in the case of mere literature, is often preferable to a translation; but it is dangerous in dealing with scientific works, because a paraphrase is necessarily affected by every bias of the paraphrast.

The most important part of Mr. Macran's work is the introduction. What makes it so is that, after all that has been theorized concerning the modes in Greek music, Mr. Macran has still found it possible to evolve an entirely new and extremely ingenious theory. Our readers who have had the patience to follow us in some earlier reviews of recent English books on Greek music, will remember that one of the chief points at issue has been whether the modes differed merely in pitch, or in the size and position of the intervals in the scale. Mr. Macran has hit upon a new basis of classification. Instead of the relations of intervals in the original tetrachord scale, he takes for his basis the heptachord scale and the way in which the tetrachords are combined to produce it—namely, by conjunction, in which the last note of the first tetrachord is also the first of the next; by disjunction, where this is not the case; or by a combination of the two plans. These three methods distinguish, in his view, the three most ancient modes, Iasti, Doristi, and Aiolisti.

The idea is novel and striking. Its chief support is found in a passage of Pollux, in which these three modes are named as the original ones. Only, the passage seems to prove too much; since, if this theory were accepted, it should seem that there never could have been more than three modes.

The interpretation of the three passages cited in support of the editor's view is colored by his *à priori* view of the origin of modes. He accordingly fails to see that Athenæus (xiv., 624, c) cites the opinion of Heraclides Ponticus as something quite excentric and arbitrary; that Aristides Quintilianus is speaking merely of the enharmonic genus; and that the passage from the 'Isagoge' refers to keys and not to modes. We cannot ask our readers to follow us in a discussion of these points; but to us it seems improbable that, at the very early period to which belongs the distinction of these modes, musical theory had gone as far as this subtle analysis implies. And again, if these three names of modes refer to the combination of tetrachords into larger scales, is it credible that the earlier tetrachord scales of the four-stringed lyre had never been distinguished? We have abundant testimony that there were various ways of tuning the four strings, and that these were recognized as different "systemata." It is not credible that these different methods were left unnamed. Nor does it seem probable that the later scales of seven or eight notes were, as Mr. Macran's theory appears to assume, the result of a deliberate *à priori* combination of tetrachords. It seems far more likely that, at a very early period, and perhaps under foreign influences, the original four-stringed lyre received additional strings from time to time in various parts of the Hellenic world, ultimately developing into the complicated instrument which embraced not only the full octave, but several octaves.

We must crave our readers' mercy if we have dwelt even so long on a question which becomes interesting only after close study; but, while we could not ignore Mr. Macran's

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clever theory, we could not properly even state it without some warning of its weakness. To those readers who have acquired a taste for these somewhat abstruse questions, we can recommend Mr. Macran's book as suggestive and excellent reading.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adamson, J. E. The Theory of Education in Plato's 'Republic.' London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan.
Altsheler, J. A. Before the Dawn. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Anderson, Tempest. Volcanic Studies in Many Lands. More than 100 Photographs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00.
Atherton, Gertrude. A Few of Hamilton's Letters. Macmillan. $1.50.
Austin, Martha W. Veronica. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Benson, E. F., and Miles, E. H. H. Daily Training. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Bolles, A. S. The Elements of Commercial Law. H. Holt & Co.
Bulletin of the New York State Museum. No. 44. Vol. VIII. Albany: University of the State of New York.
Carson, W. H. Tito. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.
Conrad, Joseph. Youth, and Two Other Stories. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Cook, T. A. Spirals in Nature and Art. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Dillon, E. J. Maxim Gorky, his Life and Writings. London: Isbister & Co.; New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
Durley, R. J. Kinematics of Machines. John Wiley & Sons. $4.
Elkinton, Joseph. The Doukhobors: Their History in Russia, their Migration to Canada. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach.
Elliott, C. G. Engineering for Land Drainage. John Wiley & Sons. $1.50.
Fischer, Joseph. The Discoveries of the Norsemen in America, with Special Relation to their Cartographical Representation. Translated by B. H. Soulsby. St. Louis: B. Herder.
Fiske, John. Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy. 4 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $8.
Gissing, George. The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Goschen, Viscount. The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen. 2 vols. London: John Murray; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10.
Gropallo, Laura. Autori Italiani d'Oggi. Rome: Casa Editrice Nazionale.
Grover, Eulalie O. The Sunbonnet Babies' Primer. Rand, McNally & Co.
Gulland, W. G. Chinese Porcelain, vol. ii. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners. $3.50.
Hayden, Eleanor G. From a Thatched Cottage. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Hepworth, G. H. We Shall Live Again. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Herrick, S. B. A Century of Sonnets. R. H. Russell.
Heysinger, I. W. The Light of China. Research Pub. Co.
Hilprecht, H. V. Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century. Philadelphia: A. J. Holman & Co.
Hilty, Carl. Happiness: Essays on the Meaning of Life. Translated by F. G. Peabody. Macmillan. $1.25.
Hutchins, B. L., and Harrison, A. A History of Factory Legislation. London: P. S. King & Son.
Hutton, Edward. Italy and the Italians. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Ingalese, Isabella. Linked Lives. The Occult Book Concern.
Kenton, Edna. What Manner of Man. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
King, Bolton. Mazzini. (The Temple Biographies.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York; E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Laurie, S. S. Studies in the History of Educational Opinion from the Rennaissance. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Lawson, Elsworth. From the Unvarying Star. Macmillan
Leading Newspapers. George P. Rowell & Co. $1.
Letters of an Actress. F. A. Stokes & Co.
Loveman, Robert. The Gates of Silence, with Interludes of Song. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Merriam, C. E. A History of American Political Theories. Macmillan. $1.50.
Meyer, E. S. Ludwig Fulda's Der Talisman. H. Holt & Co.
Moyer, Willard. The Witchery of Sleep. Ostermoor & Co.
Muir, Robert, and James Ritchie. Manual of Bacteriology. Edited by N. M. Harris. Macmillan. $3.75.
Murphy, E. G. Words for the Church. Thomas Whittaker.
Myers, F. W. H. Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $12.
Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion, Series I., Vol. XIV. Edited by E. K. Rawson and C. W. Stewart. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society. Vol. VI. Edited by F. L. Riley. Oxford (Miss.): Published by the Society.
Rolfe, W. J. A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. Rev. ed. for 1903. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Rolland, Romain. Millet. (The Popular Library of Art.) London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cents.
Rosenau, William. Jewish Ceremonial Institutions and Customs. Baltimore: The Friedenwald Co.
Shoemaker, M. M. The Great Siberian Railway from St. Petersburg to Pekin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Smith, A. C. The Turquoise Cup and the Desert. Scribners. $1.25.
Smith, Mary E. E. Eskimo Stories. Rand, McNally & Co.
Stevenson, R. L. A Child's Garden of Verses. Rand, McNally & Co.
Sturge, M. Carta. The Truth and Error of Christian Science. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Swift, Benjamin. In Piccadilly. G. P. Putnam's sons. $1.
The New International Encyclopædia, Vol. VII. Edited by D. C. Gilman, H. T. Peck, and F. M. Colby. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Tilton, Dwight. On Satan's Mount. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co. $1.50.
Von Hügel, Pauline. A Royal Son and Mother. Notre Dame (Ind.): The Ave Marie. 75 cents.
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Lady Rose's Daughter. Harpers. $1.50.
Wilson, H. Silverwork and Jewelry: A Textbook for Students and Workers in Metal. D. Appleton & Co.
Woolley, Celia P. The Western Slope. Evanston (Ill.): William S. Lord. $1.25.

SOME OF **Henry Holt & Co.'s** SPRING BOOKS

LORD LEONARD, THE LUCKLESS. This story of an English peer of today who made a Moloch of the truth, is by W. E. NORRIS, author of those truly great novels "Matrimony" and "No New Thing." The book is, however, in a more serious vein, and impressively tells a story that a less able writer would have been liable to make sensational. Some of the episodes are decidedly tragic, but Mr. Norris's humor does not desert him, and is used in effective contrast. $1.50.

TIOBA. These eleven tales, presenting a gallery of very varied Americans, are by ARTHUR COLTON, already known to the discriminating by his "Delectable Mountains" and "Debatable Land," and his stories in our leading magazines. His sympathy and descriptive power are notable, he has the saving grace of humor, and makes us think well of our fellow men. Tioba was a mountain which meant well but was mistaken. There is a striking frontispiece by A. B. FROST. $1.25.

A SUMMER IN NEW YORK. EDWARD W. TOWNSEND made his reputation years ago with his "Chimmie Fadden" stories, as master of a cheery humor. It strongly characterizes this new "love story told in letters." The tower of the Madison Square Garden bathed in moonlight adorns the cover, while the illustrated chapter heads emphasize the local color. $1.25.

THE TRIUMPH OF COUNT OSTERMANN, by GRAHAM HOPE, is the love story of Peter the Great's German Prime Minister. Peter, dissolute and violent, but glorified by his will and noble purpose, is strongly drawn. $1.50.

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